NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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Dawn raid

It's the police. They're looking for illegal immigrants and threaten to smash in the door. The only evidence is an anonymous note—about a person who doesn't exist

Bruce Robinson slams advertising

Michael Walzer: politics and the good life

Autumn books: Skidelsky on Keynes's love life; Parekh on Indira Gandhi; Gerrard on Willa Cather

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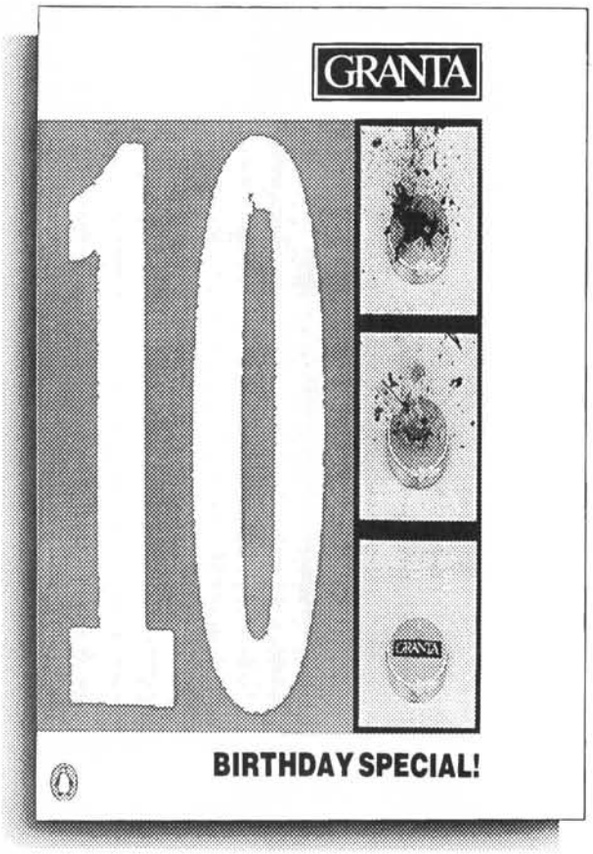

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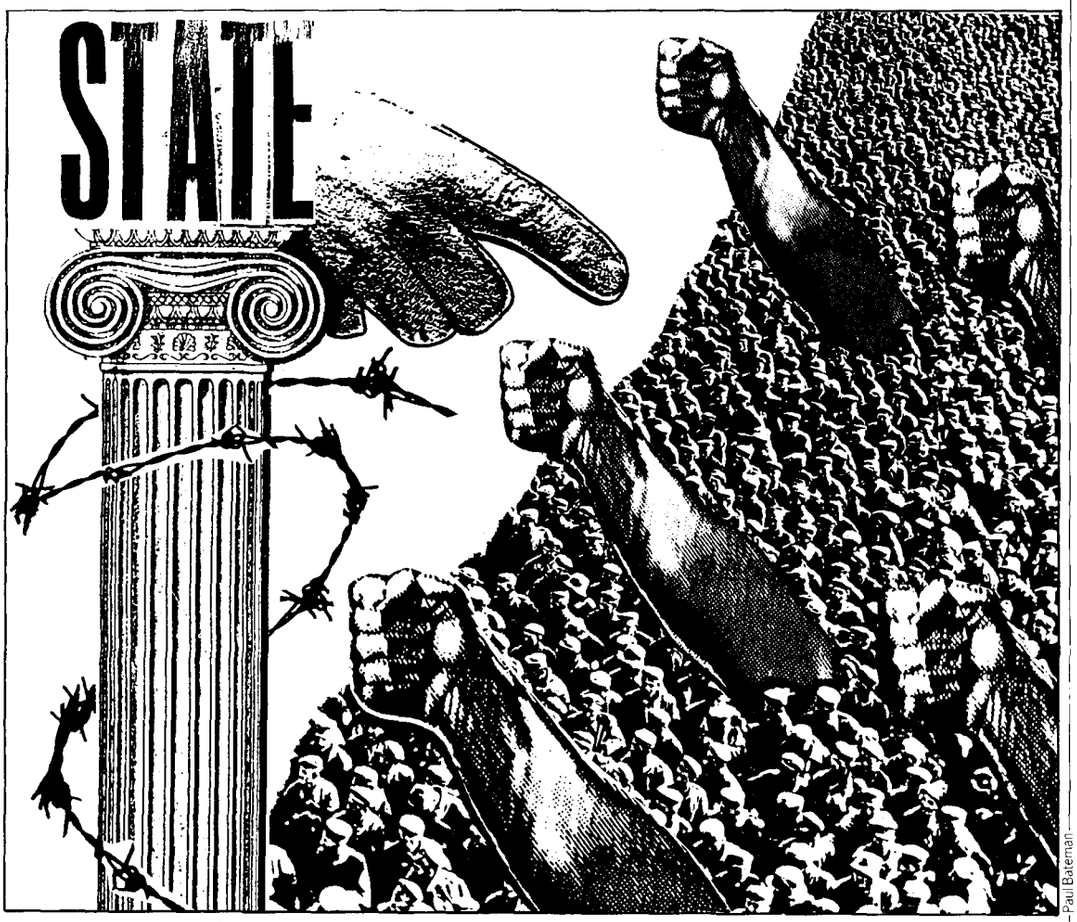

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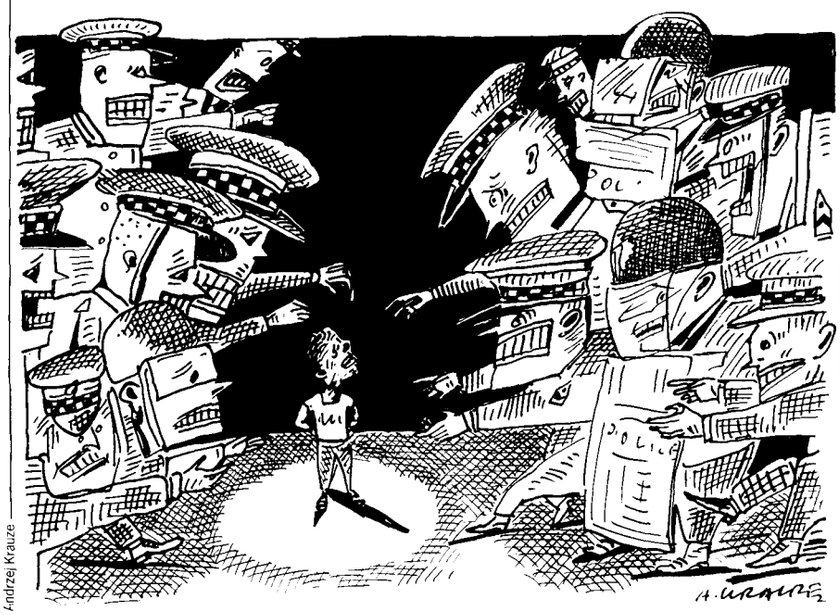
EDITORIAL

Over the top

The Broadwater Farm raid shows that the police still cannot come to terms with the idea of democratic policing



Andrzej Krauze

It hardly needed 400 police officers, with tame media circus in tow, to discover "a quantity of cannabis" on the Broadwater Farm estate last Saturday. The same number of officers, randomly searching houses throughout Britain, would probably have found pretty much the same thing. You may even have a small cache of the stuff yourself.

Operationally, the raid, which has led to a mere 29 people being charged, was a disaster. What seems to have gone wrong was police intelligence. The evidence for the raid was apparently that undercover officers had seen a large number of people going into a launderette without carrying washing. A mildly suspicious circumstance, maybe, but one that admits of plenty of innocuous explanations. Several Broadwater residents have since testified to newspapers that hard drugs are not a problem on the estate, which suggests that the police may have made an appalling miscalculation.

In the process, they ran a serious risk of provoking the kind of riot which in 1985 made Broadwater Farm into a byword for urban violence. There are reports of axe-wielding officers smashing down doors in the presence of young children, people being bodily dragged out of their homes, and a woman being strip-searched in a police van. It would only have taken one overzealous police officer to tackle someone with a weak heart, and the estate might have erupted once more.

But condemnation is not enough. We need to pay attention to other Broadwater voices—those who say they are seriously worried about the threat which drug dealers might pose to young children, or those who find the presence of large numbers of youths hanging around in groups intimidating in itself. Recent criminological research suggests that general squalor, and repeated everyday "incivilities", contribute as much to fear of crime as crime itself. But swamping a housing estate with police is as likely to arouse fears as to quell them.

It would be helpful if we could work out why the quality of police intelligence is so poor. This is a matter not simply of drug policing, but of inner city policing in general. On Broadwater Farm, and elsewhere, it's clear that police and community have not yet established either the mechanisms or the trust necessary for there to be clearly defined areas of mutual interest. Partly it's because of the gap that seems to arise between the "community leaders" the police will accept, and the "community leaders" the community wants. And partly because the very idea of *community* is easier to talk about than to work with in practice.

But it's mainly because the police simply have not accepted the concept of democratic policing. To do so would mean, for example, being prepared to agree to limitations on what they can do about soft drugs—in return for getting concrete information on hard drugs. As the Standing Conference on Drug Abuse puts it, sensibly, "total prohibition of recreational drug use is not a practical goal for public policy; the criminal law should be employed in the control of drugs only in circumstances in which it can clearly be shown to be necessary, justifiable and effective."

Unfortunately we are a long way from official recognition of that fact. Government rhetoric has been forecasting a "crack" epidemic for the past three years, without any sign of it materialising. There is no reason why it necessarily ever should: the substance has been available in Amsterdam since 1974, but no one there has shown much interest in it. But by sounding off about the menace, British ministers are likely simply to whet people's appetites.

It is the sheer lack of proportion that's hard to credit. John Major, in his speech to the United Nations last week, contrived to imply that drugs were now a bigger threat to the world's children than nuclear weapons. (In fact, *lack* of drugs is a far more lethal problem for most children.) Mrs Thatcher shows similar narrow vision. The other day she gave a magazine interview in which she claimed that drugs were one of the top four menaces to civilization (the others were international crime, football hooliganism and terrorism —all good, coercive, Home Office issues). "When I was young," she said, "it seemed that if we had good housing, good education, a reasonable standard of living, then we should have a much easier future. Now that is not so. We're up against the real problems of human nature."

In such circumstances it is hardly surprising if, like Henry II's knights, the Metropolitan Police decide that a nod is as good as a wink and go over the top in Tottenham. For our money, another shot at good housing, good education and a reasonable standard of living might produce better long-term results.

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Soap and stagnation

The economy is to be further liberalised, and strikes in essential industries are to be banned, at least temporarily. Not the next Conservative Party manifesto, but Mikhael Gorbachev's latest piece of crisis management.

Gorbachev is no Thatcherite, but his personal style is not altogether different from hers. He has a penchant for personalising issues, turning economic dilemmas into a political struggle between the forces of light and darkness. The economic crisis is blamed on the previous Brezhnev leadership, or on sabotage by hostile elements within the bureaucracy. Each issue has become a battleground for the "friends" and "foes" of *perestroika*. Even the unrest in Armenia was explained as a plot by local Brezhnev appointees to cling to power by discrediting *perestroika*. All the while he has insisted that There Is No Alternative, and by saying so, has made it true. Don't be deceived by his apparent victory on Tuesday by 364 votes to six: he had to compromise, bully, and put his authority on the line.

Despite these all-too-familiar tactics—symptomatic, perhaps, of a fledgling democracy as much as of the man himself—there is no sign that, four years into the job, Gorbachev's *perestroika* programme is taking root. A mixture of economic naïvety and innate optimism has led him to delay radical reform measures in the Micawberish belief that a dramatic upturn in the economy is just around the corner. He has repeatedly assured the public that *perestroika* is a reform programme rather than an austerity programme, and that future policies will not involve any futher cuts in popular living standards. Yet all the evidence suggests that an IMF-style stabilisation programme is precisely what the USSR needs if the country is ever to pull itself out of economic stagnation. Meanwhile, in Siberia, a ban on strikes, *and* having to manage without soap, must seem very austere indeed.

Runcie's cross

Robert Runcie won the Military Cross during the last war for rescuing a soldier from a burning tank. But then he was only facing one enemy. For his current campaign, weighing into the prime minister while making overtures to the Papacy, he deserves the Victoria Cross—except that he would be most unlikely to receive any honour from the Queen for trying to take her church away from her.

There is no mystery about what the Pope would gain from a rapprochement with the Anglicans. John-Paul II is the James Goldsmith of the spiritual plane, travelling the world in search of targets for takeover, or conversion, as he tends to put it. The Pope's dealings with the more radical sections of his own church—feminist nuns in the United States, radical priests in South America—show that for him ecumenism means agreeing to do what he says.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is deluding himself if he believes that the Papacy has any respect for the individuality of the Anglican church, let alone for the more radical scholarship of some of its adherents. Not Angels but Engels, would probably be a fair distillation of John-Paul's view of the Church of England clergy.

The question of what the Anglican church hopes to get out of the deal is far more puzzling. Is Runcie negotiating for himself a golden handshake or a seat on the board of the new organisation, a cardinal's cap? Or, more complicatedly, does he see the Pope as an ecclesiastical white knight, protecting the church from the prospect of feminist interlopers on the one hand or, on the other, from privatisation and asset-stripping at the hands of the Pharisees currently running the country and appointing his bishops?

It may be argued that in the current fiercely competitive world of multinational faiths there is no room for a quirky, decent, albeit inefficient, little religion like Anglicanism. A case for the Monopolies' Commission, perhaps.

The bottom line

Britain has a smaller proportion of students than any of its competitors, yet the highest public expenditure per student in the world. No one can be proud of that.

The government says it wants to double student numbers, but its scheme for student loans seems likely to have the reverse effect. It will deter people from poorer backgrounds from going into higher education, and won't reduce public expenditure until 2014 at the earliest. The Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals last week claimed that the only way to achieve the desired objective would be to charge students the full cost of their courses. But education minister John MacGregor seems to believe that public money can be spread more thinly, through more economy drives, rationalisations and the like.

Labour, too, wants to double student numbers during the next 20 years. But the party is also committed to no large tax increases. Its paper on education from 16 to 19 retreats still further from its one-time commitment to full maintenance grants for all those staying on in education after 16. The party is adamant that there will be no financial disincentive to people wishing to go into higher education. Equally adamantly, it refuses to work out how much this will cost.

Every other country in Europe has *some* sort of loan system. Sweden froze its high student grants when it found the system was actually squeezing its student numbers in. It's time other proposals, like an extra tax for graduates (which could be progressive and cheap to administer), were considered. There is no argument over the need to increase student numbers. But we must be frank about the cost.

Worse than shambolic

Shambles is too kind a description for what has happened to the government's grand plan for electricity. Energy Secretary John Wakeham's decision to postpone for six months the sale of the major English generating companies is simply the latest stage in its inexorable disintegration. The scheme, which amounted to little more than jottings on the back of a manifesto, attempted to dismember the most complex interconnected electricity system in the world.

Prices have had to be jacked up from levels considered adequate by the fuddy duddy nationalised management to heights sufficient to earn the rates of return which the new, thrusting private owners have a right to expect. The consumer is given no option but to pay for the "security" of supply provided by nuclear power while the Magnox stations, and maybe the AGRs, are not to be sold off because no private company could afford to run—let alone decommission—them. Competition has had virtually to be eliminated for the next eight years in order to sell the existing companies and preserve the rump of British Coal for the ultimate privatisation. Successive plans to develop an internal market for electricity have proved ludicrously complex and expensive. Six months looks far too short a time to sort the mess out—but any longer would clash with the next election. We're giving no odds on Wakeham's survival.

Reports reaching us from Paris suggest that we should be concerned about our prime minister. The lady recently found herself sharing a couch with François Mitterrand. She turned to him, flashed her neon smile, and said with great earnestness how much she admired his many accomplishments. "You are a great philosopher," she smiled, edging closer toward him. "I wish I knew history to the extent you do," she enthused, inching even closer. "You know literature and art," she drooled, compelling a now-embarrassed president to retreat to the far end of the couch. "If only I could have achieved in my life but half of what you have done," she beamed. At this point the door opened and Mitterrand was spirited away by one of his ministers. "Thank God you rescued me," he stammered. "Another moment on that couch..."

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DIARY

Sean French

I got rid of my rented television set a couple of weeks ago and I'm now living in a TV-less home for the first time since I was at university. The experience has been a shock to the consciousness.

Some commentators have compared the part of television in domestic life to that which used to be played by the fire in the hearth. The analogy may be nothing more than a visual pun. The traveller glancing through windows of houses who would once have seen an orange glow now only sees the icy blue light of the television screen.

Certainly both act as focuses of attention and one can see in most people's homes that the furniture is arranged around the television rather than the fireplace.

But the comparison isn't quite right. A fire is something that represents shelter from the harsh outside world. People gather around it to talk and to tell stories. Television, by contrast, looks outward; it connects the living place to a cultural network that pipes in information and entertainment like water or electricity. Denuded of a set, a house seems dormant, offline, unconnected with the global community.

Books, radio and newspapers are no replacement. In a disturbing sense, without my TV set I feel that I'm meeting far fewer people. I miss all the presenters who usually come into my front room and talk to me. I've lost my access to the items of news from all over the world. Furthermore, the preview sections of the newspapers tell me that there are terribly important programmes that it's my duty to be keeping up with.

Yet much of the sense of being out of touch is illusory. Television delivers information extremely slowly and ten minutes with a newspaper tells you more than a day's news bulletins. What newspapers don't give you is the sense of intimacy with events as they happen.

I suspect that it's a rather bogus, passive contact with reality though, compared with almost anything except participating in a sensory deprivation experiment. Alarmingly, during the past few days I've felt the impulse actually to go out and meet real people. This is clearly a sign that I must re-acquire a TV set, swiftly, before I show any further signs of turning into a real person.

I often suspect that with just a few more items of machinery—a modem, a fax machine—I could brick up my front door and never go outside again.

I have just been reading an essay by the historian Norman Stone (it's in a multi-author travel book called *Great Journeys* which will be published later this year by BBC books). In it, Stone ventures the opinion that writers "have been more wrong, politically, than any other profession".

Even to discuss this point would be virtually impossible since it would have to be prefaced by a philosophical discussion about what a writer is and what it is to be politically wrong. But I think Stone is on to something about the sheer oddity of the profession of writing.

I liked Helen Suzman's response in last week's *Observer* to Janet Watts's question about writing her memoirs: "You've got to lock yourself in a room and stay there, I'm told. Awful! So lonely!"

I sometimes wonder if most people are aware of the physical strangeness of the writing process. Most people work in a partly or totally public setting: a factory, a shop or an office. There are versions of writing that are like this as well. Newspapers are mostly written in open-plan offices; some books are dictated or written in collaboration; comedy-writers, in particular, tend to write in teams.

But most fiction is written in only one way: a solitary person in a quiet room for a very long time. When I think of a particularly productive writer, such as John Updike, I sometimes consider the years that have been spent alone filling blank sheets of paper. With occasionally, perhaps, the whispering fear to which T S Eliot confessed, that he "may have wasted his time and messed up his life for nothing".

It seems particulary amusing to me when social historians use novels as evidence about the workings of society, a method about as trustworthy as writing an account of potholing based on the experiences of claustrophobes.

The principal result of George Bush's "no new taxes" pledge during his presidential campaign has been an American president who cannot actually do anything. During 1989 his role has been little more than an American version of Prince Charles who pops up on various occasions calling for action without any of the resources to get it done.

He echoed President Kennedy's vow to put a man on the moon, by calling for a manned mission to Mars. But, unlike his predecessor, he offered no money for a project that his own budget director estimates will eventually cost more than four hundred billion dollars.

Current American polls show him to be the most popular president in history, but this must largely be because he is the first who has turned the managing of his own image into a full-time job.

I mention all of this because of a recent report by Elizabeth Drew, the outstanding political columnist of the *New Yorker* magazine, which deserves some attention over here.

At the time of Bush's election, C Vann Woodward, a Professor of History at Yale, observed that "none of the classic instances of presidential malfeasance [including those of Richard Nixon]... can compare with the malfeasance in Reagan's administration".

Drew reported that important new information about the Iran-Contra affair has come to light but the new Senate Majority Leader, George Mitchell (a Democrat, of course), has blocked any further congressional inquiry into the subject.

The reason for this? "Democratic senators actually spoke among themselves about the danger of taking action that could lead to the impeachment of Bush—and the accession of Dan Quayle to the Presidency."

It's remarkable that what was once talked of as Bush's weakness, his lack of principal, is now coming to look like his principal strength. As a potential president, T Danforth Quayle was a catastrophic choice. As the ultimate deterrent against the impeachment of Bush, the choice was an act of genius.

Bush is the true president for our age, a man whose presidency, whose every policy, is geared to maintaining his own presidency and nothing else. The messy and, which is worse, potentially unpopular business of running the country is best left to others.

ROGER WODDIS

Arms and the child

According to Dr Hiroshi Nakajima, director-general of the World Health Organisation, the 11 million children who die every year in the third world could be saved by the rich countries "for less than the cost of 20 modern military planes".

Oh, *silly* Dr Nakajima,
You simply fail to understand
That getting mushy over children,
Especially in a distant land,
Will not increase our cash in hand.

Considering what's cost-effective
And reaps rich pickings overseas,
Eleven million children dying
From malnutrition and disease
Are hardly cause for great unease.

Four million die from diarrhoea?
Too bad, of course, but not a crime.
They could be saved by salts and sugar
For less than 7p a time?
You've never heard of Harry Lime.

Doctor, do try to be pragmatic,
And please don't tell us what you feel.
It didn't bother those at Brighton
Who doubt that bombs and subs are real,
And rose to Trident-tested Neil.

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LETTERS

Meaningful PR

Readers should not be kidded that Dale Campbell Savours's proposed new "supplementary vote" system ("PR or bust", 29 September) is proportional representation in any meaningful sense.

The supplementary vote would enable a candidate from one of the major parties to be elected in a single-member constituency with only 50 per cent plus one of the votes cast. So 49 per cent of those voting would not get a representative of their first preference, and there would be no clear relationship between votes won by a party and the seats it secured. Mr Campbell Savours's system is a minor variant of the "alternative vote", unknown in Europe, but used in Australia where it has produced gross disproportionality of first preference votes to seats.

The suggested advantage for the SNP, through gaining an extra three to five seats (based on the last General Election results), serves only to emphasise the unfairness of the first-past-the-post system. Indeed, if a proper system of PR, such as the additional member system, had been used, then in Scotland the SNP would have had 10 MPs instead of 3, the Alliance 14 instead of 9, the Tories 17 instead of 10, and Labour 31 instead of 50.

Labour has a harsh reality to confront—a fair voting system, based on proportionality, and giving the voter a wider choice of effective political expression, will inevitably reduce its unhealthy domination of Scottish politics.

David Spaven
Scottish Green Party
Doune Gardens
Glasgow

Rethinking citizenship

Am I alone in finding the debate on citizenship amazingly parochial? True, a citizen has been (in modern times) a "member" of a nation-state. But with the rapid development not just of the European Community, but of a wider democratic European identity, should the left really be rethinking citizenship on such an exclusively British (English?) basis as portrayed in Anthony Barnett's contribution "Charlie's army" (22 September)?

A Euro-perspective would perhaps change the terms in which Barnett challenges Prince Charles and Douglas Hurd.

In every major Continental country, EC and non-EC, NATO, Warsaw Pact or neutral, citizenship now includes the duty of participation not in a "volunteer community army" but in the real thing. With the winding down of the cold war, young people are beginning to refuse military obligation, notably in the Baltic republics and eastern Europe. In the next decade, if the "common European home" actually develops, its citizens (in western Europe too) will be increasingly asking if they need to spend years of their youth training to fight each other?

In Britain we mostly (including the military command) assume that conscription is dead. But the basic issue of the state's *right* to mobilise us has hardly been debated—let alone resolved—and the culture of militarism, although partially supplanted, lingers enough to be invoked by Charles and Hurd.

"Active citizenship" is therefore not *just* an evasion of the case for democratic rights. It keys into something which in the recent British past has been, and in the European present is, a central facet of citizenship—the *duties* of citizens to the nation-state (of which their rights are the complement).

If we are to respond we need to answer the questions it raises: are there still duties; are these still to the nation-state; are these now definitively non-military (a positive answer here might be of much use in the wider Euro-context); how and by whom should citizens' contributions to their society be defined?

Martin Shaw
The University of Hull
Hull

Newspaper talk

I was stimulated by your question "What do you want from a newspaper?" (Artefax, 15 September) to provide another answer.

To me, brevity is an essential quality of a newspaper.

Apart from the ecological aspects, in my busy day, I want something which will convey information about recent events—all of them which involve and affect many people, no bias by omission—which can be read in 30-40 minutes.

I do not want fashion (look at a fashion magazine) music, theatre,

arts, book reviews, (look at a relevant cultural magazine), long political analyses (look at *NSS*), economic and financial analyses (look at a specialist newspaper, the *Financial Times*).

Oh for the good old broadsheet—eight sides of tabloid.

Janie Whyld
Victoria Street
Reading

Advice to volunteers

Mary-Claire Mason's article entitled "Active citizens" (1 September) paints a misleadingly gloomy picture of the problems faced by the National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux in its bicentennial year. Some CABs do experience problems recruiting volunteers but often this reflects wider recruitment problems in the area.

Most of the thousands of people who volunteer for CABs find the experience rewarding and stimulating. Most volunteers do not simply do information work, they give a high level of advice on a wide range of subjects. NACAB itself views volunteers as a positive and indispensible force within the organisation. There is also increasing evidence that volunteering provides an effective route into paid employment.

Given that there are more than a thousand CABs in England, Wales and Northern Ireland experiencing a steady increase in public demand for advice, it is essential for NACAB to consider how best to increase the supply of volunteers and to make sure volunteering remains a positive experience.

An equally, if not more, pressing problem for the organisation is the maintenance and development of resources to CABs and volunteers. The future of CABs depends on the continued goodwill of central government and local authorities. We have ample evidence of the enduring commitment of CAB volunteers.

In some cases this will mean providing more paid specialists, but we always envisage the CABs service continuing, as a mutually supportive alliance of paid workers and unpaid volunteers.

Martin White
Chief executive
National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux
115–123 Pentonville Road
London N1

Have a go, Mr French

Sean French, whose diary I admire, is right to detect a certain note of desperation in my editorial mood ("Diary", 29 September). But he suggests the wrong reason for this. What drives me to despair is the lack of journalistic talent on the left. I would love to print good non-right-wing articles. But where are they? Perhaps Mr French would be prepared to have a go, and if his piece is up to scratch—that is, in the least interesting—nobody will be prouder to publish it than...

Peregrine Worsthorne
Sunday Telegraph
Peterborough Court at South Quay
181 Marsh Wall
London E14

Invisible workforce

How interesting to hear that "the traditional Japanese woman does very little" ("Japanese glasnost", 22 September). Does this mean that Japanese babies don't eat, move, or excrete? Do Japanese husbands not expect clean houses and meals? Don't elderly relatives need to be looked after? Funny, I had somehow believed that Japan, like every other country, exists on the backs of its massive, invisible, unpaid working class of "traditional women".

Anne Jackson
The Square
Sandford

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Violence everywhere

Lynne Segal's essay ("The beast in man", 7 September) is proof positive that *NSS* has a not so hidden agenda —giving as much space as possible to attacks on activist feminism, especially written by women who also call themselves feminists.

It is impossible in a letter to cover the multitude of confusions which litter "The beast in man". Clearly Lynne Segal takes official statistics and "common-sense" knowledge as offering more insight into these matters than carefully conducted feminist research.

She is so keen to show us that she, unlike other (white middle-class) feminists, is aware of issues of class and race that she manages to overlook the basic point: that reported crime, and convictions which carry prison sentences in particular, tell us as much about classism and racism within the criminal "justice" system as they do about the incidence of violence and criminality.

It was precisely these assumptions and practices which feminists took issue with when they challenged the ways in which men's violence to women was explained and policed in the 1960s and early 1970s.

She also would rather we hadn't deconstructed "violence", created categories which specified the gendered and age-related direction of certain forms of violence.

Without the terms "sexual violence" or "male violence towards women and children", we can again see that violence is everywhere, everybody (except the middle classes) does it, and it's all the same—whether it's suffragettes throwing bricks at empty property, black male youth constructing barricades to keep the police out, the British army using plastic bullets in Belfast, football supporters beating each other up, or husbands/fathers who terrorise their wives and children.

This "new" approach—which focuses particularly on working-class and black subcultures (with the added titillation of violence between lesbians)—is going to enable her to provide a more radical explanation. Perhaps it doesn't matter that this is more or less where we came in 20 years ago.

Liz Kelly
Patricia Road
Norwich

Uneducated argument

If R W Johnson's column "Punitive farce" (29 September) was meant as a serious defence of higher education, it was lamentably inadequate.

British universities before Thatcher were an intellectual backwater, at least in terms of the humanities. Intellectual initiatives such as the History Workshop Movement and new inter-disciplinary work were, on the whole, fostered at the so-called margins of education—in the polytechnics and adult colleges, rather than at the "core". The success of Art Colleges in generating new forms of popular culture (from design to rock) contrasted starkly with anything universities produced.

The famous "structuralist" controversy in Cambridge in the early 1980s suggests how defensive universities could be in the face of new forms of knowledge.

Universities must change for all sorts of intellectual and social reasons. Johnson isn't even at the starting post.

Katharine Burns
Halifax

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

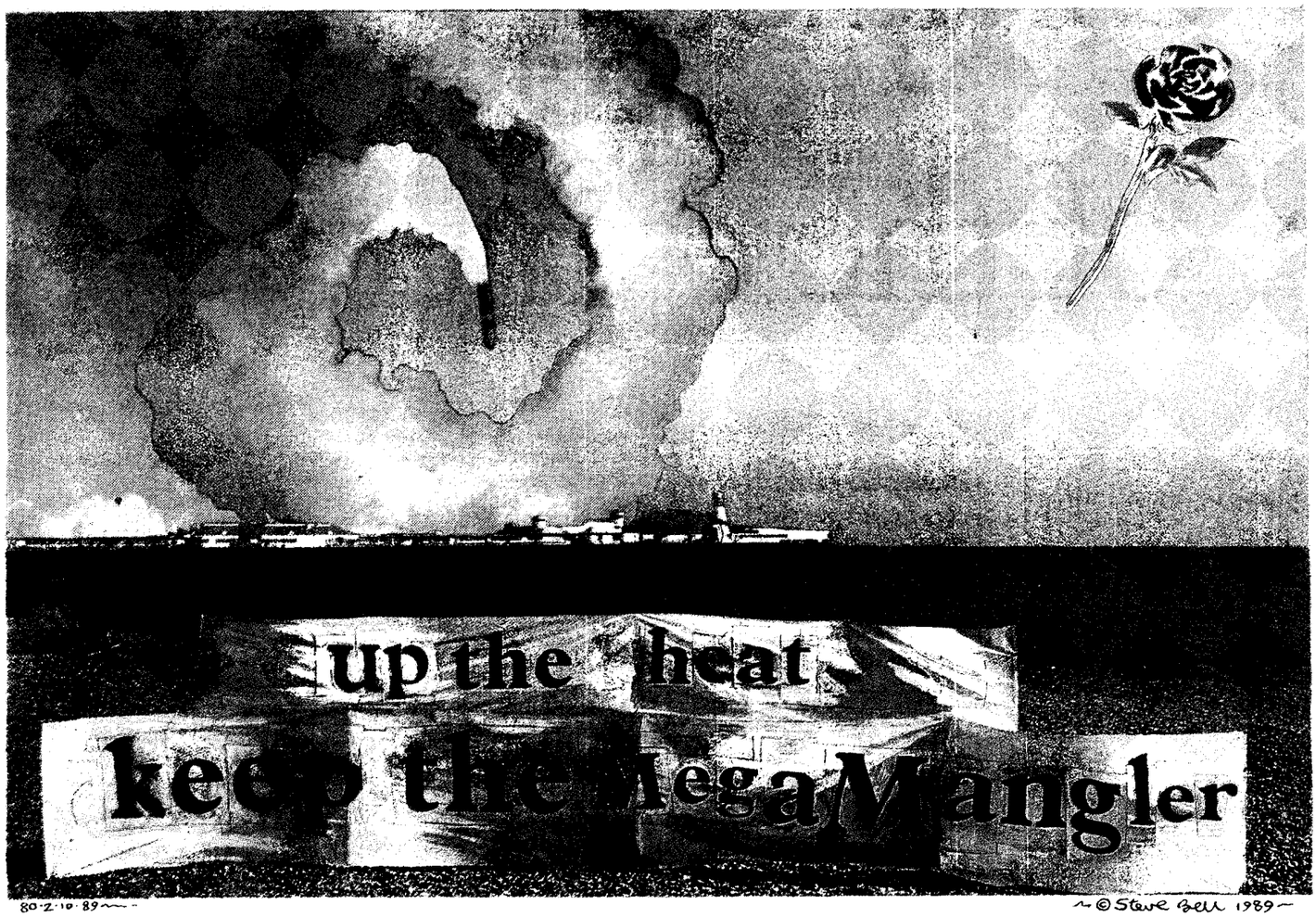
● A Winchester man who carried out an "unsophisticated shoplifting attempt" was fined £40 by City magistrates.

Alan Rolfe admitted to trying to steal a bottle of champagne from Marks and Spencer by walking out of the store with the bottle down the front of his trousers.—*Hampshire Chronicle* (Julia Slater)

● In the first four months of the year, 222 separate incidents occurred where officers were absent from duty due to back injuries. Fifteen per cent claimed injury was caused by sitting for long periods on unsuitable seating, particularly in Task Force vans.—*Bristol Evening Post* (Ken Andrews)

● Another ten bicycles were stolen from the town centre in Richmond last week.

This brings the total thefts this year to 297. Richmond police say they are taken from all over Richmond, particularly when left unattended.—*Richmond & Twickenham Times* (John Boaler)



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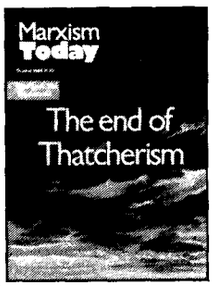

PAUL MORLEY MONTHLY

This month Paul reaches thirtysomething.

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Andrew Swinney

Sneak society

Astound your friends and confound your enemies—by getting them raided by the immigration service. Jolyon Jenkins put some disinformation in the system and watched what happened

It was seven o'clock on an autumnal Saturday morning. In Highgate, one of north London's smarter districts, little was stirring. Philip Hill, a 28-year-old trainee psychoanalyst, lay asleep on a futon in his newly converted flat.

The doorbell rang. Drowsily, Hill wrapped a towel round his waist, stepped into his espadrilles, and answered the entryphone.

"It's the police," said a voice.

"Hang on, I'll come down," said Hill.

Downstairs, he half-opened the front door, and saw two uniformed policemen and a man in a suit. The latter introduced himself as an immigration officer, and thrust forward an identification card. They said they wanted to look around the flat.

"Where's your warrant?" Hill asked the police officers.

"We don't need one," said the older of the two. "We could break your door down."

"You could break the door down?" Hill repeated back to them, slowly, with doubt in his voice.

"That's right," said one of the officers, simultaneously forcing open the door against Hill. The three men walked into the hallway. "But you've invited us in."

Hill took the men up to his flat.

"Do you know Anwar Mohammed Siddiqui?" asked the immigration officer.

"Not as far as I know."

"We have reason to believe he is staying here." They started on a thorough search of the flat, looking in cupboards and even lifting up a cover over the bath. Mr Siddiqui was nowhere to be found. All the while, they bombarded Hill with questions. Had he ever heard of Siddiqui? Had he been a tenant? How long had Hill lived in the flat? Did he own it or rent it? Who had lived there before?

From a file, the immigration officer produced a letter, and showed it to Hill. It read: "Dear Sir, Please forgive the anonymity of this letter. I have good reason to believe that an address in London is being used to evade British Immigration Control. It is [Hill's address] where the resident is Mr Philip Hill. Living with him is Mr Anwar Mohammed Siddiqui, d.o.b. 8.8.53. Mr Siddiqui came to Britain in 1987 for three months as a visitor, but did not return and has 'gone to ground'. He is a Pakistani national."

"It's very accurate, isn't it?" said the immigration officer.

"It's extraordinary," said Hill. "They even spelled 'Philip' with one 'l'."

"Have you any idea why someone should have sent the letter?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's a joke."

"Well it's not a very funny joke. Immigration is a very serious matter."

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"Look, I'm not going to argue about immigration at quarter past seven in the morning."

The three visitors seemed to have run out of questions, and started to go. As they did, Hill took a record of their names and numbers. The senior policeman said that he had "many years of experience" and that, if there were any problems, Hill should contact someone whose title Hill no longer remembers—"the solicitor general or someone with an equally grandiose description".

Why were the authorities so anxious to apprehend Siddiqui? Is he a well-known miscreant? Has he eluded them for months? On the contrary: until they received that anonymous denunciatory letter they had no idea that he existed. They found his name on no official records. Mr Siddiqui does not exist. The letter was in fact sent by the *NSS* (via Pakistan to lend it a veneer of verisimilitude). Naturally, Philip Hill had given us his permission first.

Immigration raids happen all the time, but usually to weak, marginal members of society, and in confusing circumstances. The beauty of a controlled experiment, such as we engineered, is that we, rather than circumstances, chose the key variables. It proves beyond doubt that immigration raids may be carried out on the basis of pure rumour, with no regard paid to the law.

The raid was illegal: a police officer who wants to search premises *does* normally need a warrant. But a magistrate shouldn't issue one just so that the immigration service can go hunting for overstayers. In fact, the code of practice to the Police and Criminal Evidence Act says that "an application (for a warrant) may not be made on the basis of information from an anonymous source where corroboration has not been sought". According to lawyers who specialise in this field, the police often get round this difficulty by claiming not to be searching for overstayers, but to be in pursuit of someone who has committed an arrestable offence (that is, one for which an arrest warrant isn't needed—generally, pretty heavy offences). In such a case they don't need a search warrant.

We have seen a copy of the immigration service's secret internal instructions, which are quite clear on the legal point. "Officers will be able to gain entry to these premises (where overstayers are living) only with the permission of the occupants. Immigration officers should show their warrant cards to the person who answers the door, give their names and explain clearly and carefully whom they wish to interview and why. Householders' reactions will naturally differ but most are willing to cooperate and invite the callers in, but such an invitation does not give the officer freedom to search through the house." A police code of practice also says that where entry is gained by consent, the consent should be in writing.

In the early 80s there was a lot of public concern about "major combined operations" between police and immigration officers, and as a result the Home Office published guidelines that ban, for example, "fishing trips"—random raids on, say, factories and restaurants. The internal instructions warn that fishing trips "will be likely to result in the curtailment of the investigatory process". The published guidelines do not cover smaller-scale local raids, like ours. These have become far more common but do not appear in government statistics, and rarely get publicity. But the internal instructions say that such raids should only be made "on the basis of positive information about an identified illegal entrant". It's hard to believe that an anonymous denunciation of a non-existent person falls into that category.

Other parts of the instructions also seem to have gone by the board. "Before a visit takes place," they say, "every effort should be made to identify suspects through immigration service and other official records, and by checking with the local police. When preliminary checks have been completed the enquiry should be considered by a chief immigration officer who should decide whether a visit is justified. A realistic assessment should be made at this stage of the likely result of such a visit. Supervising officers should also bear in mind the sensitivity of immigration enquiries when arranging the timing of outside enquiries—those early in the morning and late at night should be avoided unless dictated by the circumstances of a particular case." Elsewhere the instructions say, "the time at which an operation takes place can be a key factor. Attendance at a very early hour in the day can be effective but the 'dawn raid' is a term frequently used in complaints."

Even though Philip Hill was expecting the raid he says it left him feeling "aggressed and shaken up for the whole day". But real immigration raids can have far more serious consequences.

Very few denunciatory letters seem to contain hard evidence, to judge by the ones we have seen

Earlier this year, Mrs Alice Brenyah was awarded £3,000 damages against the Metropolitan Police and the Home Office. Her home in Wandsworth had been raided by four police and immigration officers who were looking for an illegal immigrant. She was pregnant at the time, and five days after the raid she miscarried. The judge said that she had suffered an "unwarranted intrusion" and awarded the damages for assault and distress, although the miscarriage was an "unhappy coincidence".

In another case, dealt with by the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants, two immigration officers and a police officer took over the Monsoon restaurant in West London, claiming to be in search of three named Moroccans. They questioned the manager and staff about the men, and then questioned them about their own immigration status. Three customers entered the restaurant during the raid. Two were held until their immigration status was established. One was white and was told to leave as the restaurant was closed. None of the staff was found to be here unlawfully. One man who was unable to provide proof of his immigration status was arrested.

Anonymous denunciations are the raw material of immigration control. Last year nearly 800 "offenders" were identified on the basis of denunciations in London alone (figures are not available for the rest of the country)—more than the number the Home Office identified by its own efforts. Whether or not they really were offenders is impossible to tell since virtually none of them will have had the luxury of a trial—many will simply have been deported by the Home Office. The number of people being summarily kicked out of the country has risen sharply since the 1988 Immigration Act which removed any effective right of appeal. As we have reported (*NSS*, 4 August) many innocent people are being caught up in the machinery.

Most denunciations are in the form of letters, but some are phone calls to, for example, the police "crimestoppers" line. Very few of them seem to contain hard evidence, to judge by the ones we have seen. One alleges that a person living in Margate—"next to the infamous Margate caves"—"might be an illegal dude". Another says that someone in Wandsworth "does not look his age as depicted in the passport but is nearer 40". Others seem to make a profession of denunciations, supplying regular, copious information and giving themselves pseudonyms. "Mick Davies" seems to be a regular informant, denouncing employees of kebab shops all over London. A Mr Mahmound telephones to denounce a whole family called Bhatti, alleging that they have obtained British passports by deception. He says that there are up to 100 others at the same game and if the immigration service gets rid of the Bhattis he will give further information.

It is not just this magazine that concocts false denunciatory letters. There is evidence that some members of the immigration service do it as well. Earlier this year, according to a story that circulates widely in the immigration service, some immigration officers went on a walking holiday in the Lake District. One evening they went to buy a Chinese takeaway, but the owner refused to serve them because he was closing for the night. In revenge, the men carried out a passport raid on the staff. There were complaints, and to justify their action a predated denunciatory letter was fabricated.

The event has become so celebrated that someone in the immigration service drew an amateur cartoon with the following caption: "Club 18-30/Immigration service promotions, in conjunction with Randolph Scott Tours, presents: three day lakeland adventure breaks. Price includes: hire of cowboy suits; full day programme of outdoor activities such as walking, skiing and drinking. The choice is yours! Then *just* when you think your already full day is over, *wham!* we raid the restaurant of your choice. Or if you prefer, any old restaurant at all. Let us provide the denunciatory letter as part of the service. See your chief immigration officer as soon as possible. Space is limited."

There is really very little point in ministerial assurances, codes of conduct and all the rest if the police and immigration service know they can simply ignore them. Until ministers take some trouble to find out what their minions are actually doing, I see no reason to believe a single word they say. ●

IRR STAFF@GLOBALNET.CO.UK
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Labour's old codgers

Labour has lots of new policies. But can the party find a new way of governing? Stuart Weir introduces the Roy and Tony Show

Brighton

At last week's national executive, Roy Hattersley stood up and walked round the table to talk to his arch-rival, Tony Benn. "Tony," he said, "I'm getting worried about the way electoral reform is springing up everywhere. Can we have a word?" I can't vouch for the accuracy of the wording, but I have the sentiment bang to rights. The same week, Neil Kinnock was quoted in *Labour Party News* as saying: "I am going to do nothing to discourage the debate on electoral reform... The jury is out."

Roy and Tony did have a word, and the traditional right and left on Labour's NEC united with the trade union members to crush the following dangerously subversive proposal:

> Conference is aware that the British electoral system is unfair. Conference therefore calls on the NEC: (a) to encourage debate on this issue within the party; (b) to set up a working party to undertake an urgent study on electoral reform in its widest sense and to report back to the 1990 Labour Party Conference with specific recommendations.

Neil Kinnock agreed not only to the NEC's decision to oppose this motion, but also to a blatant rigging of the debate he was going to do "nothing to discourage".

For Monday afternoon's conference session, the party managers timetabled a policy review group report and *seven* resolutions for debate; for Wednesday pm, two PRG reports and *six* resolutions; for Thursday pm, one PRG report and *14* resolutions. One of these was the mild proposal above; another asked the NEC to consider a Bill of Rights, another democratic reform which embarrasses the leadership and annoys Roy and Tony. Others advocated further democratic changes and legal reforms which weren't to the party managers' taste—plus, for good measure, *withdrawal from Northern Ireland*! The point of so cramming the afternoon, of course, was to kill any prospect of coherent debate.

Roy and Tony may seem as unlikely allies as Stalin and Hitler, but think again. Right and left, they are mirror-images of each other: both represent the postwar old guard, grown politically arrogant on the belief that Labour, even if it is electorally the weaker of the two major parties, owns at least a monopoly of the opposition. Both sit under the electoral bridge, like the Troll in the children's story, utterly determined to deny other parties and new political forces like the Greens the opportunity to compete on fair terms with Labour and the Tories for self-representation at Westminster. "Who's that trip-trapping across *our* bridge?" the two old codgers growl. "We're going to *gobble* you *up*!"

With Hattersley, this controlling instinct goes further, much further. He's not prepared even to accept the principle of self-representation within the Labour Party. An NEC working party examined the issue of "black sections" for a year and came up with a proposal for an affiliated black organisation. Again the old Labourist went to work: the proposal was wrecked in the NEC by a disabling "compromise" which allowed white members to join in solidarity. Clare Short, a member of the working party, said angrily to him: "If we were putting up an argument this year for women's sections, Roy, you would oppose it."

Again, Neil Kinnock, at first apparently more open-minded than his deputy, swung behind him. The decision not even to consider electoral reform over the next year is perverse on two counts. First, it is in Labour's self-interest to keep its options open; and the party's lead in the polls gave it the opportunity to do so at a time when it could robustly have rebutted the charge of "defeatism" which haunts the party managers.

More importantly, the party has to find a new way of governing; and electoral reform is one of the keys to that new way—radical democracy.

In 1979, the British people rejected the statist approach to social policy, and Labour's one-sided corporatism collapsed under the strain of trying to manage economic renewal. Geoffrey Goodman, then head of Labour's counter-inflation unit, has described the last days of the Callaghan raj. He advised Labour ministers to argue the case for the social contract on the shop floor (*Guardian*, 27 March): "Go out and lift the veil on new ideas and new horizons. They agreed it should be done—but they wouldn't do it. They couldn't trust the mood of the shop floor nor, perhaps, their own confidence to cope with that mood."

The old way of governing was played out. 1979 wasn't simply a crisis of confidence, but of representation. Neither Labour nor the trade union leaders had much legitimacy left. Goodman recognised this and wrote:

> The system was simply no longer capable of sustaining and developing such an ambitious project as the social contract. That required a much larger parliamentary majority and the will and skill to plan economic development.

The electorate turned to a politician who offered a new way of governing. That way of governing is now in crisis too. But what is Labour's alternative? The policy review process has brought Labour back in touch with its natural constituency. But the achievement is partly negative. Labour believes it must renounce its statist and corporatist past. But examine the documentation: and you find an unstated statism, a corporatism without the courage of its convictions, within the review papers. They contain no new unifying core or philosophical centre to pull the party's proposals together into a programme for the future.

Look too at Neil Kinnock's speech. Boldly he proclaimed that Labour would "face the future, meet it, shape it." But he said nothing about how. He lifted no veils on new ideas and new horizons. Rather he invoked past Labour gov-

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A new way of governing is within Labour's grasp, a way of governing which depends on making real citizens of people who remain subjects. But first Labour has to democratise its own party practices

ernments, which had inherited a mess from the Tories, governments which had been more "patriotic", etc, than the Tories; rather he stressed familiar values, institutions and freedoms which Thatcherism endangered as "examples of the kind of socialism that British people understand and support", alongside equally familiar remedies for Britain's failing economy.

And, of course, this is all important. It must be. The polls tell him so. But it is not sufficient. It may be sufficient to win a first-past-the-post election if the Tories continue to make a mess of the economy. But it won't be sufficient to govern, to sort out the economic and industrial mess, to create modern and responsive public services, to play an active and equal role in a new democratised Europe. Labour can't hope to do that top-down any more, no matter how many new government agencies and quangos it sets up in government (I counted more than 35 in the policy review papers).

A new way of governing is within Labour's grasp, a way of governing which depends first on making real citizens of people who remain only subjects; citizens who have freedoms and rights inscribed in law and the means and self-confidence to be politically and socially active. But first Labour has to democratise its own party practices and renounce the privileges Britain's corrupt and archaic constitution dangles in front of its leaders' noses: for example, an electoral system which denies people an equal vote, a doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty which denies them basic rights and freedoms.

Empowering and enabling are very much the buzzwords of Labour Party politics. The paradox is that if Labour politicians were truly willing to empower and enable people as individuals, and not only within laid-down structures and institutions, they would in turn find themselves empowered in government by the "will and skill" of the people.

I don't wish to put my words into their mouths, but plenty of Labour Party politicians, thinkers and writers recognise at least the general argument. "It's time we had a British revolution within our own constitution," Robin Cook told a pre-conference rally of the Labour Coordinating Committee. Cook went on specifically to reject the false grail of "strong government" which inspires the Labour leadership's reluctance to abandon first-past-the-post elections, parliamentary sovereignty and other undemocratic baggage (for example, the prime ministerial powers of patronage).

Cook is on the Labour left (what's now known as the "soft left" to distinguish it from the unreconstructed Labourists of the Campaign Group); and it's the soft left, under the influence of Charter 88 and Europe (west and east), that's making most of the running on the democratic agenda within the Labour Party. But the party's social democrats are also strongly arguing the case, most notably John Lloyd in his new CounterBlast pamphlet, *A Rational Advance for the Labour Party* (though Lloyd doesn't advance beyond electoral reform, an elected second chamber and a reduced role for the monarchy).

Lloyd argues that the policy review provides a natural platform for a social democratic programme and political style which rests on the pillars of democracy at home and "interdependence" internationally. Where Labour was once constrained to *marshal* society into preordained structures within largely statist institutions, he now envisages:

> the building of a new civil order robust enough to elevate popular will to the same level as capital, yet transparent enough to respond to the public will as expressed through elections, polls and the judgment of politicians accountable to an active electorate.

He believes that there is no reason why such a process should not be undertaken by a Labour Party with Neil Kinnock at its head. On the evidence of this week's conference, there is no reason to believe that anything remotely like it will. Kinnock has repeatedly thrown his authority behind the resistance to any radical purpose now being articulated not only by established political figures like Robin Cook, Clare Short and Carole Tongue (deputy leader of Labour's European group), but by able, though lesser-known, people at all party levels.

They will win through in the end, but it will probably be the wrong side of the next election. ●

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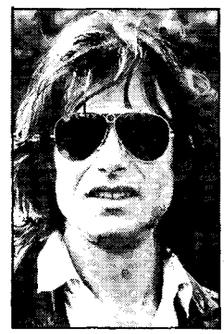
Nice little earner

Bruce Robinson on the economic miracle



It's another British Sunday and I've already given in. I've got nothing to look forward to except turning *Brian Walden* off. Meanwhile, I get prone on a sofa with the *Telegraph* for a solipsistic round-up of what's happening in wonderland.

Page one. Apparently escalating inflation and the biggest trade deficit England's ever seen are, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "symptoms of our success". My lips move involuntarily as I try to come to terms with this horse shit. But that means countries with no inflation, and no trade deficit, say Japan, are *unsuccessful*?

Outside my house is a telegraph pole. Halfway up it someone has nailed a notice to the effect that if your dog poops itself around here, "You Will Be Subject To A Fifty Pound Fine By Order Of The Blah, Blah". Naturally, around the base of the pole is about three hundred quid's worth of dog shit. (I estimate revenue from the entire street in the thousands.) So what is the purpose of this prominent declaration? Presumably it is based on the assumption that if you keep them looking up at the notice, they won't look down and see the shit.

Fifteen billion pounds in the red is simply *not* important. What *is* important is the "Economic Miracle". (Two of my favourite fictional heroes are Danes. One's obvious and the other is a ten-year-old kid in a crowd. "Look at the King! Look at the King! Look at the horrible old hairy bum! The King has got no clothes on!" Policemen who used to look like humans, and who now look like the front of Range Rovers, rush out and bash the little bastard insensible. And the naked continue on their way.) Some fucking fairy tale. Don't look down.

It is not by accident that the editors of our three most popular newspapers received government-initiated honours. Not an accident that a majority of British newspapers are filth. With a few exceptions, and I include the *Telegraph*, newspapers in this country are an affront to the notion of a decent society. But wait a minute. Hasn't our most senior politician decreed that society doesn't exist? What are we all living in then? I reach for my *OED*. "Society... the system of life adopted by a body of individuals for the purpose of harmonious existence..." Christ, she's right! One only needs to peek into the nation's biggest-selling ink for proof. We live in a land of Liars, Scroungers, Swines, Cheats, Pimps, Poofs, Bastards, Micks, Argies, Tarts, Wogs, Commies, Intellectuals, Exposers, The Labour Party, and Poisoned Frog Cheese. Plus, the "Economic Miracle", Tits and TV.

The particular waste of paper I'm referring to was honoured by Downing Street. Our Prime Minister gave its editor a knighthood.

These dangerous comics serve two functions. First, they attempt to lower the standards of everything to a level at which the executive wishes to operate. Get them comfortable with lies. Wipe out the notion of ethics. If this can be done it becomes easier to camouflage the duplicity and ever-evaporating morals of government. Second, sell them a land of perpetual catastrophe. The more crime the better, it's good for authority. Throw a rock through their window, then knock on the door and sell them all a burglar alarm. Sell them fear and they'll howl for the police. And this administration is going to need all the police it can get.

Throw a rock through the window, then knock on the door and sell them a burglar alarm. Sell them fear

This is becoming a horrible little bugger of an island. Our society is being torn up by a parliament of shouting dopes, mesmerised in delinquent passion for coin that seemingly can never be gratified. And it is going to end in calamity. Disaster will be selective, of course, and apply only to the majority. For the rest there won't be enough Concordes to go around. When this squandering and selfishness finally self-destruct, when the oil and everything else embezzled from this island are hocked and gone, the "miracle" will cease, and those walking our foreign-owned waters will fall in.

But unhappily not for long. Horrible yakking heads will resurface immediately to deal with the crisis: "THE PEOPLE DEMAND ACTION TO SAVE THEM FROM CATASTROPHE!"

No problem. Having delivered the rock, here comes the burglar alarm.

- All natural resources are to be privately owned.
- Businessmen are to be free. "Self-government in business."
- The social structure of society is sanctified. The middle classes are the backbone of the state.
- Collective bargaining is abolished. Strikes are illegal, trade unions forbidden.
- Control is completely from the top. The leaders decide all things... Central government controls all local government.
- There can be no freedom of speech, assembly or writing. Anyone may criticise the government who is not afraid to go to prison.
- Socialism is the major enemy. There can be no equality. The "broad masses" are fools and must be duped to meet the purposes of the élite. Propaganda is the method. Propaganda knows neither right nor wrong... only what it wants...

Any of that ring a bell? I copied it out of *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism* by Robert Brady of the University of California. It's his summary of the "Nazi" system of government published in 1937.

"THICK FOG IN THE CHANNEL. CONTINENT CUT OFF FROM BRITAIN," as the *Daily Express* once foamed. Those same morbid clouds are congealing all over England once more. Adjust your ariel, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are preparing for the terminal show.

They're about to sell us the rain we drink. They're about to sell us our electricity industry that we've paid for a million times. Flog off the volts at knock-down prices. But tax off our ass to save the nukes. Apparently private enterprise can't quite stretch to the "Nuclear Miracle", once proffered to the masses as "Power too cheap to meter" now mysteriously "too expensive" for the punters to buy.

Remember the "Atom Miracle" of 1953? "THE WORLD'S FIRST NUCLEAR POWER STATION!" (Slung up in reality because the Americans wouldn't give us any bombs.) Remember Calder Hall? Or was it Seascale? Or Sellafield? Every time the bastard had an accident they changed its name. Our country is being managed like a deceitful little shop, and a permed figure lurks behind the "Special Offers". England is up for sale. Tomorrow its lakes, its mines, and its parks. For be assured these bargains will never cease.

"Psst... Wanna buy an island off the coast of France?" Some fucking fairy tale. Don't look down. Someone might be selling your shoes.

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Deng's dilemma

It may be that liberalisation is not only the last thing China will get, but the last thing it needs, argues Peter Nolan

In retrospect, it is not surprising that the terrible events of 4 June took place. The political economy of de-Stalinisation is turbulent enough in the relatively advanced societies of eastern Europe. In a backward, hugely populous country with vast regional differences, such as China, the process is much more difficult. The relationship between the economics and politics of de-Stalinisation is extremely complex. It is not obvious, for instance, that the best policy for China is to push forward as rapidly as possible towards free markets and western liberal democracy.

Tiananmen Square and the events of 4 June elsewhere in China can only be understood in relation to the great changes of the 13 years following the death of Mao Tsetung. Huge economic reforms resulted in a sharp improvement in popular living standards: food consumption increased to a level much above that of pre-1976; consumer-durable ownership rose exceptionally rapidly, and, after long neglect, housing space per person rose by around 50 per cent over the decade.

Few developing economies, let alone the large ones like China, have experienced such a rapid rise in living standards. Moreover, the progress was deep-rooted, affecting all regions and social strata, resulting in a striking fall in the number and proportion of people in poverty. Nevertheless, the average standard of living in China remains extremely low, and devising a strategy to raise further mass living standards is the first priority of the Chinese political economy today: in Brecht's words "grub first, then ethics".

In important respects, nothing changed politically in China in the 1980s. The CCP maintained its position as the "vanguard" party with a monopoly of political power. Arrests and imprisonments of political opponents continued on a wide scale; individual rights were invaded widely during the "one-child family" campaign, and in anti-crime drives large numbers of people were executed, often in public, not infrequently to meet local execution quotas.

Despite these continuities large changes occurred. The leadership attempted to divorce the party from interference in the economy, to introduce a comprehensive framework of economic law and legal protection of individual rights, to professionalise government administration and to democratise local government. These efforts were far from wholly successful, but the fact that the attempts were made and that some progress was achieved was nevertheless extremely signficant.

Until the mid-1980s China's movement away from the Stalinist economy met with great success. From then on the reforms ran into difficulties. After explosive growth early in the decade, the agricultural growth rate fell and grain production stagnated. Reform of state-owned industry proved even harder than that of agricultural and small non-farm enterprises.

Without a number of interconnected changes state industry could not become more efficient. Without a "hard budget constraint", enterprise managers could not be forced to act competitively . A bankruptcy law was passed, but was hardly implemented for fear of the social consequences. Large numbers of loss-making enterprises were kept afloat through state subsidies.

These difficulties and the associated discontent form the backcloth to the massive outpouring of the urban population into the streets of some of China's major cities in May 1989. The economic decisions that were and still are needed are easy to state: raise farm purchase prices substantially, impose a hard budget constraint upon enterprise, control the growth of money supply, remove the local party apparatus from interference in enterprise affairs, and shift investment towards projects with high long-term social returns.

If the Chinese rulers were afraid of the "Polish problem" before May 1989, they will be more so now

However, behind these economic policies lie great political difficulties. A rapid move towards western liberal democracy might make it less easy to enact some of the key requisite policies. Hardly a single country advanced from low to moderate levels of income under democratic systems in western liberal terms. Britain in the late 18th century and early 19th century, Meiji Japan in the late 19th century, much of continental Europe in the wake of the defeat of the "revolutions" of 1848, South Korea, Taiwan and Hong Kong in the 1960s and 1970s, all achieved their initial growth under more or less undemocratic governments.

In a predominantly peasant, low-income country where most work is extremely arduous, it is questionable whether most people have much interest in political democracy. Indeed the early establishment of formally democratic institutions might lead to their manipulation by powerful regions, or by urban intellectuals, industrial and bureaucratic interests, to the disadvantage of the peasant majority.

A strong, autonomous state is far from a sufficient condition for raising poor countries out of poverty, but it may be necessary to enable the state to take the tough decisions which are necessary to achieve rapid national growth, and lay the basis for a future high-income democracy. If these considerations apply to poor countries in general, they apply even more strongly to poor "socialist" countries attempting economic liberalisation.

The move from an administered economy to a market economy with planning involves a considerable shift in the relative benefits obtained by different social groups. It is questionable whether, in a country as vast and as poor as China, liberal democratic institutions could sustain satisfactory growth of output and income. This is uncharted territory in political economy.

The main issue for Chinese political economy in the wake of 4 June is whether the party and bureaucracy are more or less likely as a result to achieve the transition from an administrative and often corrupt state into a "developmental" state. Unfortunately, the force of the urban demonstrations has reduced the freedom to manoeuvre of China's rulers. If the leadership was afraid of the "Polish problem" before May 1989, then it will be much more so now.

It is even less likely in this atmosphere that the leadership will dare to risk the urban discontent that would stem from a sharp improvement for farmers of the internal terms of trade and from allowing state enterprises to go bankrupt, or that it will risk the antagonism from local party officials that would come from a sharp re-centralisation of budgetary powers. Even control of the money supply may be at least as hard as before because of the vested interests that need to be tackled. The leadership is likely to be even more cautious about gradual release of the political "pressure valve".

The outcome of this, the most likely scenario, is not an end to growth. Strong forces for growth have been released in the 1980s which would continue to operate. International trade and foreign investment will not stop, though official capital flows may be reduced. However, growth would be unbalanced, with continuing problems in agriculture, infrastructure and large-scale industry, and it would be hard to control inflation.

The same social tensions as in the late 1980s would still exist, and they would be "solved" through authoritarian state action. Given sufficient determination within the leadership, it would be unwise to believe that such a scenario could last for only a short period. Even Deng Xiaoping's death might not see its end. ●

This is a revised version of an essay published in "The Roots of Crisis", the current issue of "China Now" devoted to the events in Tiananmen Square, their causes and effects.

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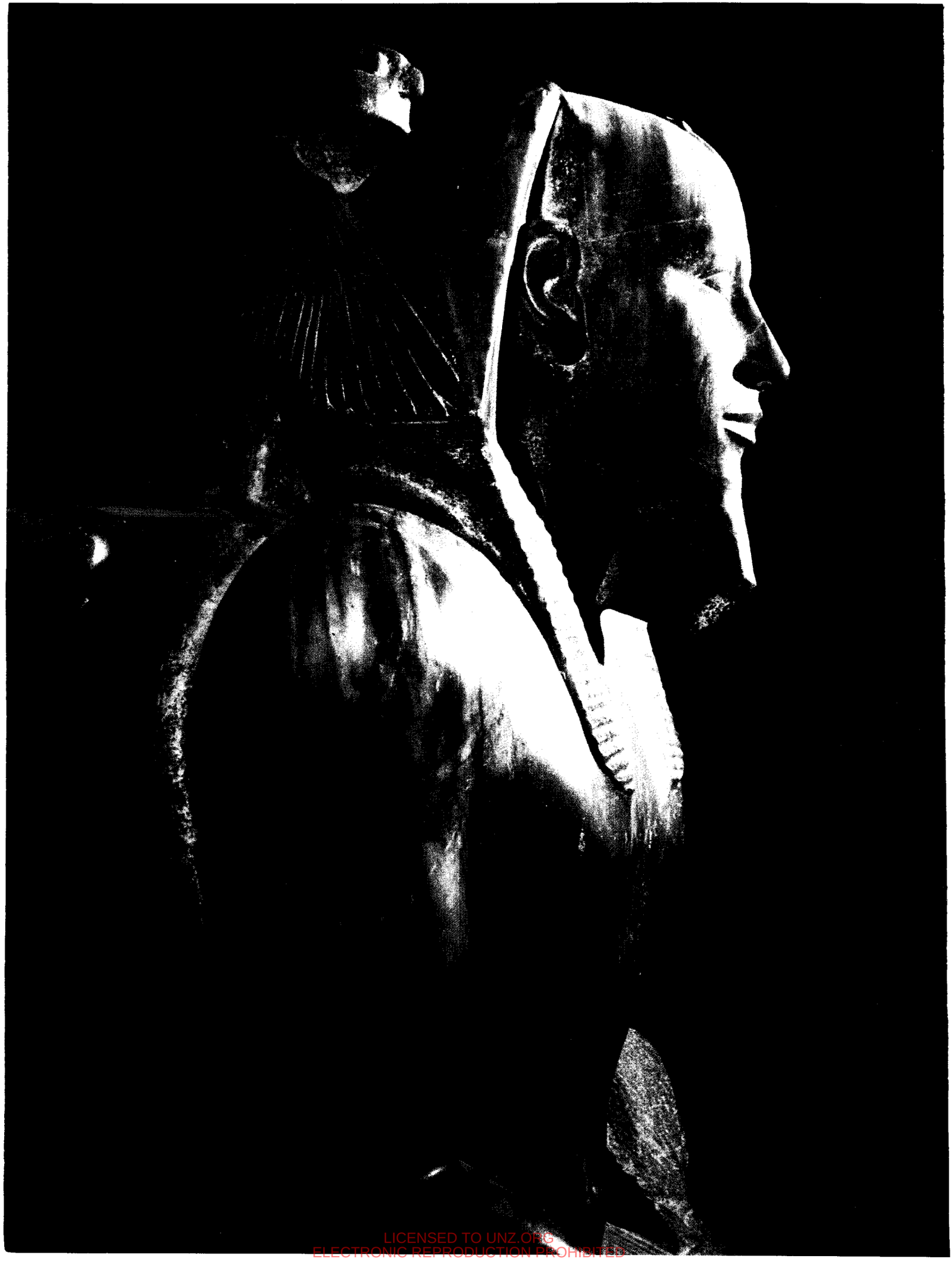

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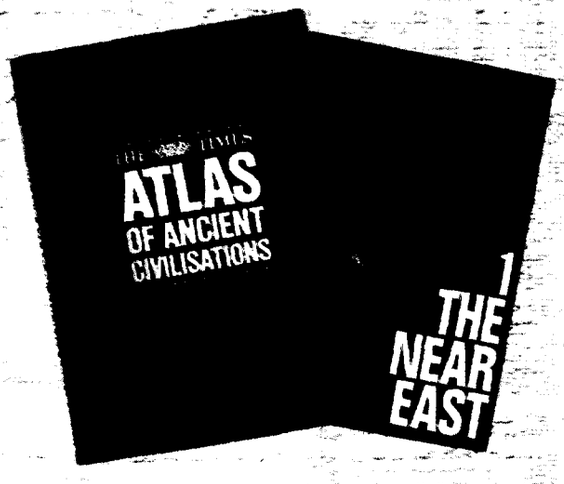

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Wind of change

Hurricane Hugo provoked two days of looting on the island of St Croix. A revolution would have been more appropriate, says Alexander Cockburn

In the absence of a revolutionary party it often becomes the role of natural calamities (or God, if you happen to think of him as the disposer supreme) to raise consciousness and expose the contradictions. Particularly in post-disaster rescue and clean-up the rich somehow do glaringly better than the poor.

Even with a revolutionary party, a calamity like the Managua earthquake which helped precipitate Somoza's downfall can play an important role. (And the fact that last year's Nicaraguan hurricane did not provoke serious outbreaks of militant discontent must be reckoned as evidence of the Sandinistas' achievements.) The political consequences of disasters both "natural" and "unnatural" in the Soviet Union—most notoriously Chernobyl, the Armenian earthquake—are well known.

For the desperate, hurricanes can be opportunities. A hurricane once hit one of the Caribbean islands and a discontented youth seized quill and ink and wrote: "I take up my pen, just to give you an imperfect account of the most dreadful hurricane that memory or any records whatever can trace, Good God! what horror and destruction—it's impossible for me to describe—or you to form any idea of it. It seemed as if a total dissolution of nature was taking place. The roaring of the sea and wind—fiery meteors flying about in the air—the prodigious glare of almost perpetual lightning—the crash of the falling houses—and the ear-piercing shrieks of the distressed, were sufficient to strike astonishment into Angels."

The pen writing these lines was that of Alexander Hamilton. Then aged 15, the future Secretary of the US Treasury was living on St Croix when the fearsome hurricane of 1772 struck the island. Hamilton dashed off his description and submitted it to *The Royal Danish-American Gazette*, the chief English-language newspaper of the islands held at the time by Denmark. It was the turning point of Hamilton's life. The hurricane struck on 31 August. Hamilton's account appeared on 3 October. Influential islanders discovered the article's author and dispatched him to the mainland to improve his education and carve a career.

When the late summer winds began to knock the shutters young Hamilton, stuck in the counting house, heard opportunity knock too, and saw a chance to better his lot. He was not the only one in St Croix's history to see the bright side of a dark hour. Thirty-nine years earlier in 1733, St Croix was afflicted, in successive order, by drought, hurricane, a plague of insects, another hurricane, starvation and then, imposed upon St Croix's African slaves, the infamous Gardelin code, named after the Danish governor and described by William Boyer, author of *America's Virgin Islands: A history of human rights and wrongs* (1983), as perhaps "unparalleled in world history as one of the most barbarous and oppressive measures ever imposed on a people".

The Gardelin code stipulated mutilation and torture for almost any manifestation of discontent by the island's slaves, who finally rose in rebellion and for six months held the island against assaults by the Danes, as well as British and French troops summoned by the panic-stricken Norsemen to their aid. Finally overwhelmed, many of the slaves chose suicide, sensibly as it turned out since those who surrendered on pledges of amnesty were shipped off to St Thomas in chains and there broken on the wheel in torments worse than crucifixion.

There may have been some young emulator of Hamilton scribbling notes when Hurricane Hugo hit the islands of the eastern Caribbean, including St Croix, on the evening of 17 September. If so, no newspaper chose to give immediate publication to his report. Amid headline stories two days later about the destruction in Puerto Rico and fears for what the hurricane boded for the mainland, almost nothing was written about the fate of St Croix—beyond a brief note that from 30 to 70 per cent of the island's homes had been destroyed, along with most power and communications equipment, or that looting had occurred.

Four days after the hurricane came headlines about the ordering of US troops to the Virgin Islands after looting had broken out. For *CBS Evening News*, Vuan Vasquez reported that "the residents of St Croix are overjoyed to see the soldiers [1,100 military police dispatched by President Bush]". The word "residents" in this context means "white people who have settled on the island" and Vasquez's wrap-up lines were also unintentionally revealing: "For... tourists the nightmare is ending. For the residents, the question is whether to start rebuilding shattered St Croix or leave with them."

Of course the true "natives" of St Croix are scarcely in good enough financial shape to hop aboard a plane like the tourists or fearful "residents". St Croix is at least 75 per cent black and the looting seems to have been an understandable attempt by the black poor to get a more equitable allocation of the island's resources.

For most of the black native inhabitants of St

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Croix the word "nightmare" has had rather longer-term reverberations than the grim couple of days experienced by those tourists. Even the short-term mainland response was dismal. While the French and British were rushing emergency supplies to nearby Guadeloupe and Montserrat the best the Federal Emergency Management Agency could do was send a C-141 transport with radio equipment and a bunch of bureaucrats in search of the facts.

Atherton Martin, coordinator of the Washington-based policy group, Development GAP, says that it took three days for help to arrive in St Croix after the hurricane, and "on the fourth day what came in were soldiers, not goods and services". The airstrip at St Croix was not damaged, so there was no excuse for the tardy response. Martin explains that the people of St Croix would have needed fresh water supplies and an emergency electric grid. There's not much rain on St Croix and most houses have concrete water storage tanks under them, with water pumped up by electricity. Without power most houses don't have either drinking water or sanitation, or, of course, lights. As Martin says, "When people saw the way they were being treated they saw a way of doing something drastic," as well as feeding themselves.

There is also the longer-term explanation for the rising. Most of the tourist development in the Virgins has been concentrated on St John and St Thomas. St Croix, as Martin says, "is seen as a place for cheap labour". It is on St Croix that most of the industrial development—bauxite and aluminium processing, petroleum refining—has occurred. The lawyer William Kunstler—who once spent a year on St Croix representing some black youths accused in a sensational slaying—says that on St Croix there is a division of labour in which whites have most of the good jobs and off-island blacks and Hispanics dominate the tourism jobs, leaving the most menial occupations to the locals. In St Croix's capital city of Christiansted "the difference between people starving and people touristing is very stark". Kunstler added that St Croix was extremely violent, with rampant official corruption.

The US bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark in 1917 for $25 million, or about $295 an acre, and the islands now have the utterly nebulous status of "unincorporated territories" with a non-voting representative in the US Congress. Statistics are extremely hard to come by, but people knowledgeable about the islands all agree that the post-hurricane rising on St Croix was not unexpected.

Martin said, "All of this is part of a formula for an eventual explosion." Larry Birns, Director of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs called the island "a volatile situation waiting to ignite, a classic example of the immiserated conditions of a Third World country". Boyer says that "given the crime and disaffection of natives who are against people outside taking over their island, I'm not surprised by the instability caused by the hurricanes. 'Unincorporated' means no promise of statehood, no self-determination, even though all the preconditions for statehood are there."

Though the car licence-plates say "American Paradise", St Croix's schools, roads and hospitals are all in poor shape. A 1976 statement by St Croix's health employees noted shortages of food, equipment, medicine, poor salaries and overall conditions sufficiently vile "to cause the strongest to cry in anguish". In 1979 both hospitals in the islands had their accreditation withdrawn, and, according to the American Hospitals' Association, this has not been reinstated. Larry Birns says that unemployment hovered around 30 per cent before the hurricane.

Until 1966 a publicly funded body called The Virgin Islands Corporation supervised development with the objective of providing employment to native Crucians. But in the mid-1960s, forces strongly antipathetic to such public enterprises were becoming strongly entrenched in the islands and the corporation yielded to private development in the forms of Hess Oil, Harvey Alumina (now owned by Martin-Marietta) and the Rockefellers.

US tariff laws allowed companies to ship manufactured goods from the islands to the mainland. Between 1961 and 1966 the tax laws were amended every year, offering subsidies and tax breaks for companies choosing to operate in the islands. Between 1966 and 1971 Hess Oil, enjoying a great competitive advantage through classification of its huge refinery as domestic rather than foreign, was exempt from all real-estate taxes, excise taxes on building and raw materials, *ad valorem* duty on imports and taxes on gross receipts.

Though a condition of subsidies was that 75 per cent of corporate employees should be legal residents of the Virgin Islands, according to Boyer, by 1970 only about 10 per cent of the workforce was reported to be native Virgin Islanders.

Perhaps St Croix's big mistake was not to have had a more thorough-going attempt at revolution than a couple of days of looting. Even defeat by superior force might have had its compensations. Immediately after Reagan's conquest of Granada, several hundred miles further south, the US government spent more on Grenadian roads, says Birns, than it has disbursed in St Croix in the entire history of the US administration of the Virgin Islands.

The nearest St Croix got in modern times to revolution was the killing of seven whites and one black in 1972 on the Fountain Valley golf course, owned by David and Laurence Rockefeller as part of a 1964 Rockefeller purchase of 4,400 acres of northwest St Croix for a tourist resort. This investment fuelled a speculative boom which, by the end of the 1960s, saw almost all the beaches of St Thomas and St Croix gone to "development". Five black youths were convicted for those killings, which remain as vivid in the minds of white "residents" as no doubt the 1733 slave rebellion did for earlier settlers.

St Croix's original Indian inhabitants were exterminated by the Spanish. The slaves and their descendants have been variously maltreated by Danes, Britons, French and North Americans and are now a minority in the islands. As I said, only for the desperate can hurricanes be opportunities. ●

In Alexander Cockburn's article of 8 September on George Bush's drug war, the US sabotage of the International Coffee Agreement should have been reported to cost Colombia up to $800 million a year, not $800,000 as printed.

...and Britain announced the first licence awards for North Sea oil and gas.

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Judy Stevens

Worlds apart

Rachel Murray, who became HIV positive in Africa, finds that here she is treated like a leper, to be hived off into another part of humanity

On the face of it, I'm an unlikely candidate for the Aids virus. I am a woman, middle-class, almost middle-aged, and I have never used drugs. Yet I am infected. In fact, I'm really not so very extraordinary. I picked up the virus in Africa, from a man I cared for very much and who is now dead. If I was an African, I would be one of any number of middle-aged, middle-class women in exactly my position.

When my lover died, I did not at first realise that it might have been from Aids. Like anyone bereaved, I was so taken up with my own grief that I didn't care whether I lived or died. And in any case, at the time, I had never heard of Aids in Africa.

No one seemed quite sure why he had died. There had been a succession of illnesses before his death. The truth eased its way into my mind and along with the pain I began to have fears on my own account.

Eventually, I had a blood test, although I was already almost certain of the result. Anything else, it seemed, would be unfair. I could claim no privileges because I am white. I was right: I had not escaped.

Or at least, not completely. I am HIV antibody positive, and I am probably able to pass the infection on, but I have no symptoms. Like thousands of other people who are HIV positive, I do not have Aids.

It is a curious thing that, when Aids in Africa is discussed, it is almost as an obscure corner of the disease, a special case, barely relevant to life in Europe and America. It is as if Africans are not real people, with wives, husbands, lovers, parents and children to mourn them—as I mourned. Yet whenever I hear Aids in Africa being discussed, I think, "That's me".

But for some people, Africa remains another planet. I once heard a young woman reporter for the BBC interviewing young men in a bar in an East African town. They were boasting about the number of women they had slept with over the past year. Most of them claimed a tally of about 20 or 30. Then a commentator from somewhere or other explained that, of course, people behaved differently in Africa.

When my lover died, my grief was such that I didn't care about my life. I had not heard of Aids in Africa

The implication was clear. Africans are apallingly promiscuous and no wonder the disease is spreading. It's nonsense, of course. Africans may be less hypocritical than Europeans, but they do not behave in very different ways. What sort of answer would the young reporter have got in the bar of her local rugby club? You don't have to travel to Africa to find Jack the Lad.

In fact, Aids has spread in Africa through hospitals as well as through sex—through reused needles in vaccinations and through blood transfusions designed to save life but which end up taking it. The disease had taken hold long before anyone realised it even existed in Africa. Like thousands of others, I had no way of knowing I was taking any sort of risk in having sex with someone I loved.

Of course, no respectable branch of the media would ever suggest there was anything peculiar about having an affair with an African. Africans do it all the time. But I notice that, in a desperate attempt to maintain the idea that only people who are somehow different from the rest of the world are in danger of getting Aids, sex with "people from overseas" is now classed as risky behaviour. It is as if Africans (for they are what is meant by "people from overseas") are not real people at all and it is a little strange, not

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to mention undesirable, to love someone of another colour, from another country.

I feel especially angry about the racism that insists that the disease must have its origins there. The fact that this is so rarely questioned suggests a profound racism that assumes that anything as evil as Aids could not possibly have its origins in the "civilised" world. We are back to ideas about the Dark Continent and the white man's grave.

I get perverse comfort from Africans who assume that the disease must have come from outside their continent. When an acquaintance died mysteriously in Zimbabwe, a friend of his poured scorn on any idea that the cause was anything other than Aids. "What do you expect?" he said. "He slept around all over the place. And all his girlfriends were expatriates."

Almost everyone seems to want to believe that people who carry or might carry the virus belong to a different category of humanity and can be divided off neatly from the rest of it and set apart. We—the people with HIV or Aids

Any cure for Aids must be cheap enough for us all to share - not just rich, privileged white people

—are so often assigned to a ghetto, even by the most well-meaning. Our needs appear to have to be met in a different way from those of other sick or potentially sick people. Only recently, for example, Martin Walker enthused in the *Guardian* (15 September) about a housing scheme in New York where 24 Aids patients live in a special housing community designed for them and for, among other people, drug addicts and alcoholics. That this is presented to me as a possible way of living is bad enough, but to be expected to applaud it as well is appalling. Then when the end does draw near, we may be put, so we are told, in special hospices to die.

I hate all this. I want to remain me—the person I was before I found out about the virus. I do not want to be hived off into another part of humanity. When I first learned I was antibody positive, it was often suggested that I should join a support group. I know it was kindly meant, but I did feel as if I was being packed away. At first, I shied away from a group because I thought I would have little in common with drug addicts and gay men. I am not especially proud of that attitude, but that is what I felt. As time passed, it became clear that more and more women were becoming infected without ever having used drugs and I was no longer so peculiar. Perhaps now I ought to feel differently about joining a group.

I don't. I don't want to make this disease the centre of my life, occupying all the time and energy I gave to old friends and causes before I knew about the infection. I want to be able to offer support as well as to seek it and I am not sure how well I could do this as I watched new friends become sick and die of the disease I fear most. I am, I fear, a coward, and I survive by refusing to face death.

Similarly, I try to avoid the possibility of other people facing my death for me. The reason I am writing this piece under a pseudonym is only partly because I fear hostility. It is mostly because I find it distressing when someone asks me, "How are you?" in a voice that suggests that they are a little surprised not to find me on my deathbed and even more so to see me mixing with ordinary people. Even the most liberal-minded seem to expect me now to be set apart from the rest of the world in some way.

Aids seems to have acquired the same status as leprosy—I am aware that for many people I have become "unclean". Even those who do not feel like that about me know that there are others that do and feel embarrassed for my sake.

Why must Aids be accorded this special status? It is only a disease. Fatal, yes, but so are many other conditions. It is not so very infectious. I am no danger to the public; it's quite safe to let me out into the street. I do not accept that I carry a curse, or that I am doomed.

There are, after all, so many contradictory forecasts and statistics around. Sometimes I am told I have six years, sometimes 15, sometimes that I have no chance of living, sometimes that I might never develop the disease. With so much confusion about my future, the only sensible thing for me and people like me to do is to seize whatever hope we can find and refuse, despite all exhortations, to turn our faces to the wall.

A young African doctor once asked me, "Why are people in Europe so superstitious about Aids? Our children die of measles."

I said I didn't know—but superstition is the only explanation for the irrational fear people feel, the contradictory notions that it is a punishment for sexual sin while at the same time it can be caught off lavatory seats. It is superstition which not only discounts hope for those of us who have the virus but which feels that even research into a cure is money wasted which can be spent on more worthy causes. I have come across all those attitudes, but I try to retain hope, nevertheless. I don't feel I have any choice.

But hope, for me, has to extend further than just looking forward to a miracle cure developed by a drug company and bought at great expense by the National Health Service. No one's child should die of measles, and no one should run the risk of getting Aids because hospitals are too poorly equipped to give safe blood to those who need it and which cannot afford new or at least properly sterilised needles for routine injections. People should not have to do without safer sex because there's no foreign currency for condoms. And any cure for Aids must be made cheaply enough for us all to share – not just the rich, privileged and white people of Europe and North America.

As for me, I have a personal battle to fight against despair. I hope I'm winning. I will take care of myself, enjoy good food, get plenty of sleep, go swimming, keep paying into my pension scheme and buy my flat. And I'll still be here in twenty years' time. That might be self-deception, but I'd quite like to go on being deceived. ●

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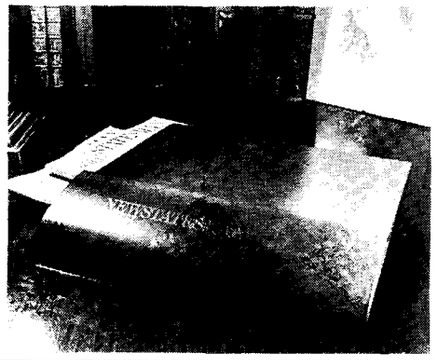

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Facing the music

Lawson has a choice of three humiliations: Delors, Deutschmark support or devaluation

Edward Pearce

"A man who stands long enough beside a river will see the body of his enemy floating past." This may or may not be an old Chinese proverb (when it comes to dead bodies the Chinese roll their own). But it encapsulates the enmities of politics and its turns of fortune. Wets under the court heel of one particular sensible shoe think with especial pleasure of that river. Will the Conservative conference give them a long-hoped for hint of bad things to come?

This gathering has lately become a festival of triumphalism, a police outing and a perfect model of bad taste, Wagner without music. Wagner is apt, for just as *The Ring* cycle depends upon the music, while the actual storyline is half-witted, so the Conservatives have usually been able to give us all sorts of *Tristan* chords and hummable bits of *Die Meistersinger*—growth figures, excellent reserves, utilities magically transposed into equities—to command among the following a dizzy, unquestioning Bayreuth fervour. This year may be different.

Is this year to be a river party, and whose is the body floating majestically down the Ribble towards Lytham St Anne's, and isn't it rather stout for Siegfried?

Whether we shall have any maidens immolated is more doubtful, but the Conservatives are going to Blackpool in melancholy circumstances. The pound is doubted, laid siege to, supported to the odd half billion by international consortia and certain to fall. The statistics of trade have been grim for a long time, but in the quirkish way of the markets, they have also been regularly discounted, to the chagrin of the Labour Party wellwishers. The markets, so long tolerant, look ready to move, decisively. Great volumes of synthetic demand have kept the pound above the three Deutschmarks line, after a slow decline.

There is a profound case for never investing intense pride or nationalism into a currency. We shall be hearing as much from the Conservatives before long. But governments presiding over devaluations do not rejoice in their wisdom or do well in general elections.

The Chancellor is a man of quite exceptional intellectual sophistication with the courage flowing from sincere belief that his understanding of the economy is rational and correct. You can lose a lot of money underestimating Nigel Lawson, but then we *are* losing a lot of money. But Lawson does not panic, does not run away from the issues, and is capable of standing up to the Prime Minister. A devaluation which destroyed Lawson, as well it might, would strike a blow at Tory confidence beyond calculation. A pound suddenly reduced, by letting go the rope, to two marks seventy would save us buying our own currency and would stop us drawing in imports by vacuum-action fashion. But for the party of honest money, the humiliation will be very great.

For it was Lawson's light heart in the 1988 budget, so quickly and shrewdly warned against by John Biffen within the same Finance Bill debate, which put money into the spender's purse producing a volume of demand which did the rest. The standard argument that the Chancellor had been motivated to offset stock market crash distress may be correct but hardly matters; posthumous exegesis comforts few by the graveside.

A devaluation which destroyed Lawson would strike a blow at Tory confidence beyond calculation

A sterling crisis has been discussed soberly and unmaliciously for at least a year by those Conservative MPs who know the City. It constitutes a reversal of intentions and plain defeat. No one going to Blackpool will fail to understand it. This is the sort of blow which, however gaily discounted, however bidden to take its place in a long perspective, represents *politically* a proof of fallibility, in divorce court terms, an irretrievable breakdown of authority.

However, if the immediate pre-occupation must be devaluation, it coexists with other concerns. Tories had, shall we say, a disappointing Euro-election. Edward Heath was briefly stirred from a 14-year trance of self-pity to a double celebration: acute embarrassment of Margaret Thatcher (and of the disloyal party) and the fact that this occurred in respect of what Mr Heath calls "Yerrup".

But I doubt profound trouble for the Tories in the Euro-debacle. Admittedly Europe divides the party. Speak to the friends of Anthony Mayer and to those of Nick Budgen and you encounter a stronger impulse to pull you behind pillars to whisper conspiratorial details than different views of the NHS can inspire.

There is conflict between sacramental Europeans who hope Jacques Delors will stick one on her; and the Anglo-centric element, not unknown in Shropshire and Staffordshire, who react to federation as the bad breath of a Belgian dragon. But although this schism may find oblique expression even at the mute ballet of Conservative conference, it is wholly containable. For the entire failure of the European election and the pre-Madrid quarrelling all derived from the rebarbative style adapted by Mrs Thatcher. The same sophisticated Tories who will explain that it is all up with the pound are very responsive to her scepticism about both EMS and to a lesser degree the Delors plan.

It will be necessary to adopt great parts of Delors, but we we can and will get it significantly amended if we ask nicely. John Major is exceptionally good at asking nicely. He is the most graceful negotiator in the business. We shall compromise over Delors and we shall sweetly and rationally demur at EMS. Far from accusing the President of Marxism, we shall be buying him a drink.

But then EMS and the sterling crisis are aspects of the same problem. If the pound were strong we wouldn't need EMS and we wouldn't mind it. The fact that the Deutschmark commands the markets because of the sustained superiority of West German exports which create her trade surplus is the reason why, clumsily and impracticably wrapped in EMS clothing, the mark is sought as a prop to us.

If Lawson at Blackpool were to advocate a Deutschmark sans frontiers trading here as dollars freely trade in the Middle East, filling the void of an unstable currency, he would be advocating the rational, radical course. It is a cleaner-cut, less bureaucratic response to our failures than the EMS. But there exist far greater and lesser humiliations and one suspects that the Chancellor will confine himself to the lesser one, bracing himself for, or else elegantly explaining, an ordinary devaluation. Siegfried floating down the Ribble will be in state for radical innovations.

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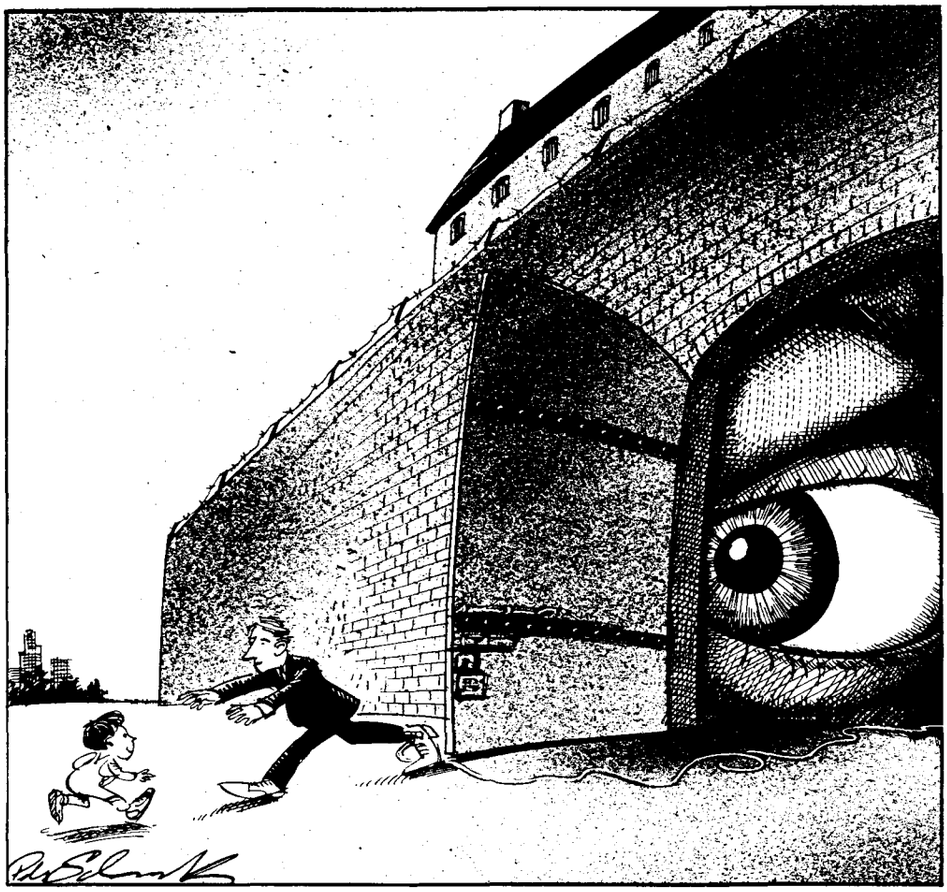
Life with the tag

Nobody knows if criminals prefer tagging to incarceration. We must find out, argue Robert Lilly and Jolyon Jenkins



Peter Schrank

Kevin Swan, marketing manager at Marconi, wore an electronic tag for nine days to see what it was like. "I feel like a criminal while I'm wearing this," he told the *Mail on Sunday*. "Naturally I resent the idea of 'Big Brother' watching me. But I can sit in the sunshine with my wife and kids and shudder when I think of a lonely prison cell. Wouldn't any criminal say the same?"

The trouble is, hardly anyone asks the criminals, or their families, what they do say. When Roy Hattersley says he thinks tagging is "degrading", it's unlikely that he bases this on first-hand reports of degradation. When Barry Sheerman, Labour's Home Affairs spokesperson, alleges that "enforced home confinement in the US has resulted in domestic and child violence", he does so without any evidence. The noisy language being used against tagging—with talk of "guinea pigs" and "Orwellian overtones"—sounds like minds slamming shut.

Surveys carried out in the US have been small-scale and local. In Florida, which has the largest monitoring programme, 64 former "clients" were asked by the tagging company about their experience of tagging. Apparently, "most offenders rated house arrest far more positively than jail. Almost two thirds of the participants reported that being on house arrest had altered their life-style... those with the shortest monitoring sentences, 30 days or so, responded that their social life was restricted but they were not really affected. On the other hand, those with sentences of 90 days or more were far more likely to respond that life-style changes had occurred... their explanations included such comments as 'I learned to budget my time' and 'it made me more happy about my home environment and now I find myself staying home more and enjoying it'."

The value of tagging depends entirely on who it is used for, what it is used as an alternative to, and what it is accompanied by. The current experiments in Britain are on remand prisoners, who are entirely different from convicted prisoners. Used intelligently it can be productive. Recently one of us (Lilly) spoke to a number of people in Kentucky who had been tagged, or who had had to live with a tagged person.

Three years ago Barbara, 28, was convicted of drunk driving; it was her second offence. The court gave her a 12-month suspended prison sentence, and 30 days home confinement with electronic monitoring, but which also allowed her to go out to work. If she had broken the terms of the confinement she would have had to serve the prison sentence. She was therefore able to keep her job, working on a factory assembly line.

"It scared the hell out of her," says her mother. "She stopped drinking. Now she's married and has a six-month-old baby. She didn't like the monitoring because it was too confining. And she found it embarrassing when someone asked what she had around her ankle."

The impact was mainly psychological. "She didn't want anyone to know she had that thing on. She said she wished she had it put around her waist, so that she could tell people it was a pager. It looked real odd. She didn't wear a dress or skirt the whole time she was monitored: she wore jeans or a pants outfit all the time. Even then it showed when she sat down or crossed her legs. Barbara was embarrassed both for having gotten caught and for wearing the monitor. But she was more embarrassed for having got caught, to tell you the truth.

"To start with her girlfriends teased her about it. One of them told her she could slip the monitor up her leg and use it as a dildo. I was really embarrassed. After all, I'm her mother. She doesn't talk that way in front of me! I'm just glad her daddy wasn't here to hear that one. He wouldn't've known what to say. Barbara's boyfriend stayed right with her through the whole thing. They couldn't go out, so he came here and they'd rent videos and watch TV. Sometimes he stayed too long.

"I thought it was a fair sentence. I was glad she got to stay home and keep her job. If she had gone to jail she would have lost her job. As a mother I would rather have my child at home and electronically monitored than in jail."

Another mother agrees: "It's very confining, but I'd rather have him at home than in jail. Things happen in jail. Having him home didn't cause us any problems. He's an alcoholic, ya

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know. Alcoholics shouldn't be locked up like animals." The mother of another man, aged 30, who was convicted of attempted burglary, says: "Jimmy got along just fine being monitored. Having him home didn't disrupt the family one bit. It was no bother to us."

In America, tagging is almost always used in conjunction with drug and alcohol rehabilitation, if needed. Otherwise it is pretty useless. Story was 43 when he was convicted of drunk driving, and not for the first time: he had a string of such convictions dating back eight years. The court gave him 90 days home confinement with tagging. According to his ex-wife, it didn't work. "Remember, he's an alcoholic. He messed up all the time he was being monitored. Just about every day when I came home, Story would be drunk. I know he had to go to the store to get it because I didn't keep any in the house. And the neighbours know he's an alcoholic and wouldn't buy booze for him. But the equipment never caught him. At least we never had anybody call here saying he had gone too far. He didn't drink any less, but he didn't drive either."

Story himself agrees that the only advantage of tagging was that "it kept me in line for a while. It kept me out of jail. But I abused it a few times, ya know. I went out of bounds. I'm an alcoholic and I went to the store for beer and no one ever said anything to me. I never got caught. I guess I was lucky, man." Was it worth the risk of getting caught? "Well, like I said, I'm an alcoholic, and nobody will buy booze for me, so I had to go myself. I was afraid, but I was careful."

But does he think that sending him home to be monitored was the right thing to do? "No, not really. Sending me home with that thing didn't do no good. It's kind of stupid, isn't it?—sending an alcoholic home and not doing anything else. I mean, maybe if I'd got some help at the same time I was monitored I would think different about it. But I didn't get much out of it in the long run. In jail they don't do you no good either. But at least it was my home and not a cell with a lot of other people I didn't want to be with. It was better being at home with the monitor, but I want some help too. I've been in treatment programmes for drinking, but I never really stuck with them long afterwards. Do you know what I mean: I'd not drink for a while and then I'd start again. I think maybe I could've done better with that thing if I was in treatment at the same time."

The point is that, even after several years of tagging in America, people's experiences are too diverse to make it easy to evaluate tagging *per se*. Yet in Britain, entrenched positions are already being adopted. Tagging could arguably *enhance* the role and responsibilities of the probation service, but both the National Association of Probation Officers and the Association of Chief Officers of Probation have vigorously condemned it. This not only ignores the creative possibilities of tagging; it also allows the government to brand the probation service as yet another bunch of troublesome professionals to be put in their place. A more open-minded approach is urgently required.

Robert Lilly is professor of sociology and law at Northern Kentucky University

Welfare watch

Female privilege

As he turns 60 Tony Lynes finds sexism is rife

This week the Equal Opportunities Commission (EOC) celebrated my 60th birthday by taking the government to court. It was over the unfairness to men of having to pay five years more contributions than women for a full state pension, contrary to the EC directive on equal treatment in social security. What the EOC really objects to is the difference in pension ages—60 for women, 65 for men. But that difference is excluded from the equal treatment directive as are "the possible consequences thereof for other benefits". The exclusion does not extend to inequalities in contributions, so the EOC has at least a sporting chance of winning.

Having to pay contributions until we are 65, however, is not the only discrimination that niggles male sexagenarians. Women are showered with goods at 60—from most of which we men are excluded. They get free prescriptions while I must go on paying £2.80 an item until I am 65. Senior citizens can get cheap theatre and concert tickets—but men do not attain seniority until they can produce a pension book. I cannot even get a senior citizen's cheap haircut until I am 65 (when, if past trends continue, I shall have no hair to cut).

British Rail to its credit will sell me a senior citizen's railcard which, for £15 a year, entitles me to at least a third off most train fares. For another £5 I can get a Rail Europ card bringing similar reductions on travel to 18 European countries. Nearer home, however, my London borough is forbidden by law to give me a free bus pass until I am 65. Women, needless to say, get them at 60.

Two years ago Mr Peter James and his wife, both 60 and both retired, went to the local swimming pool. She got in free. He was charged 75p and took Eastleigh borough council to court, on grounds of unlawful discrimination. He lost in the county court and the court of appeal but was given leave to appeal to the House of Lords. If he wins there, a lot of bastions of female privilege will fall.

In some cases the lower pension age operates against women's interests. Severe disablement allowance (SDA) cannot be claimed after pension age; nor can a carer over pension age claim invalid care allowance (ICA). This mainly affects married women who, having paid reduced contributions, do not qualify for a pension and therefore need these benefits.

The social security commissioners have ruled that the SDA and ICA age limits are not a consequence of the difference in pension ages and are therefore unlawful, but the DSS is taking these cases to the court of appeal.

Sooner or later all these anomalies will be removed by equalising pension ages for men and women, but I shall probably be 65 by then. Meanwhile I demand my bus pass.

Disgruntled, London SE5

The poll tax

A taxing mess

Vicky Hutchings wonders if students should pay

There is an embarrassing muddle at the centre of the poll tax legislation concerning students. Since 1 October, college or university "certification officers" are legally required to hand over to local authorities the names and term-time addresses of students living in the area of the authority which is making the request. But who is actually to do the work of sorting the names into the relevant poll tax districts remains a mystery.

London is presenting particular problems—although all urban conurbations will have to sift through piles of student data. Unlike campus universities, where the students live mainly on site, at city universities and colleges students go to the private rented sector for accommodation. There are 33 poll tax authorities in London whose community charge registration officers (CCROs) will be seeking to collect poll tax from thousands of students scattered throughout the city. Students pay their poll tax from their term-time address. The various University of London colleges alone harbour over 30,000 students.

The CCRO has authority only to request names and addresses of full-time students who live in the area of the CCRO's charging authority, that is, the local council. But most colleges do not have the resources to sort these names out from the rest. And according to the Department of the Environment's Practice Notes, they won't have to: "The government's view is that a certification officer who supplies a CCRO with a complete list of names of all full-time students... would have done sufficient to discharge the statutory duty."

In London, the 33 boroughs did consider setting up some kind of clearing house to sift through the lists and allocate the names to the relevant boroughs. But early quotations from the private sector have been rejected as too expensive. Officials from the DoE have said that no extra money will be available for setting up a clearing house, although some may be made available in the future.

According to a report published jointly by the Association of Metropolitan Authorities (AMA) and the Association of District Councils earlier this year, setting up the poll tax will cost, during 1989/90, £77 million of capital and £121 million of revenue more than the government has al-

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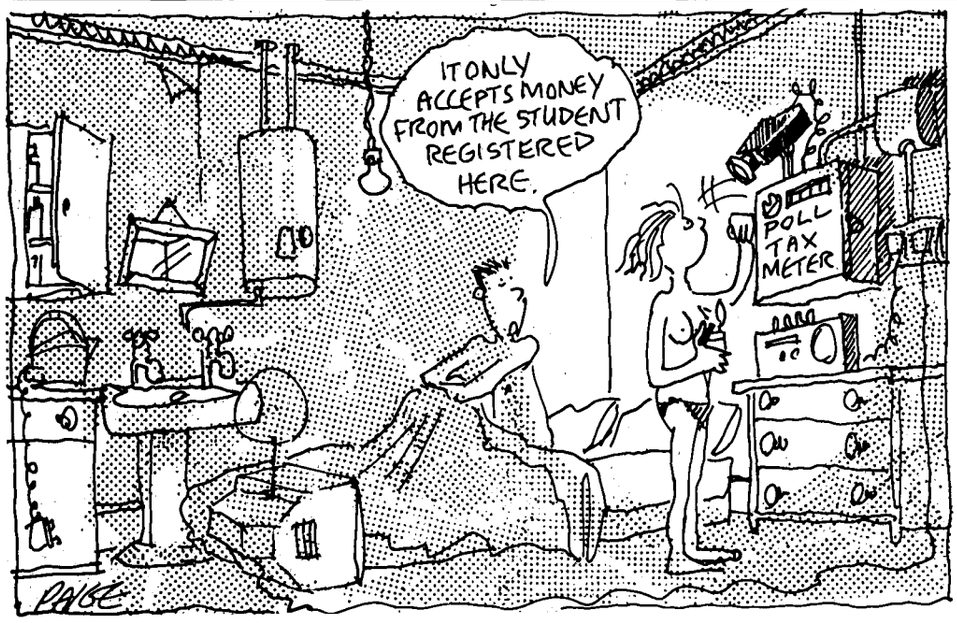

lowed for. The report also estimated that while the current rates cost around £190 million to process, the new system will cost an extra £309 million to run.

The local authorities have made it clear that they think it is the duty of the colleges to supply them with the broken down lists they ask for. At the moment, both sides are playing a waiting game. The AMA says it is conceivable that in the interim some authority might just refuse to sort out the names and addresses supplied by the college and impose fines. The Local Authorities Finance Act allows CCROs to impose penalties, in the first instance, of £50 if a certification officer fails to supply the information requested within 21 days. A further £200 may be imposed every time the "offence" is repeated. Steve Lord, of the Association of London Authorities, thinks the unresolved question of just what the certification officers are obliged to do may well have to be tested in court and be subject to judicial review.

But this is not the last of the government's headaches. College certification officers are "not obliged to obtain information on their students or keep records which they would not otherwise obtain or keep". Furthermore they "will not be obliged to supply any information which is not already at their disposal".

Bob Wills, the certification officer at University College, London, has confirmed that although the college asks students for their term-time addresses, they have no power to insist on this, and have no means of following up students who move and don't inform them. First-year students who fail to find somewhere permanent to live and end up on a succession of friends' floors will be liable for the poll tax at their last permanent address, usually their parents (if this is outside London, the poll tax payments may be much less). The National Union of Students says we will start to see students officially living at their parents' address throughout their course, rather than pay at the London poll tax rates.

Jack Cunningham, Shadow Environment Secretary, claims that "our institutions of further and higher education will be turned into vast new 'tagging' agencies to impose this wretched and unfair tax on students". But the government has attempted to make light of the role colleges will play, saying that it is each student's duty to register and in any case most will have been identified by the two poll tax canvasses done between April and June this year, so that colleges will only provide a back-up. But neither these, nor the electoral register just completed, will have picked up this year's intake nor any students who have moved. Furthermore, if students have been placed on the electoral register at their parental home, they will still be able to vote there even if they attempt to evade registering for the poll tax. Some councils are already planning a new canvass.

As the local authority associations and the colleges themselves reiterate, students are a highly mobile part of the population. To track them down to collect the 20 per cent of the poll tax they have to pay is beginning to seem like a complete waste of money. The NUS says it will be a nightmare: "Let the students go free!"

Community care

The cost of care

The government must not scrimp on paying carers, says Mike George

Government plans to reorganise care in the community are expected any week now in the form of a white paper, and some broad proposals have already been announced, including an enhanced role for local authorities in care provision. However, little has emerged about possible help for the primary providers of community care to long-term sick or disabled people—Britain's six million, largely unpaid, carers. And as Britain's population profile changes, there are likely to be fewer young carers dealing with a greater number of elderly people: the population of those aged over 75 will increase by 17 per cent by the year 2001, while the under-30 population will fall by 8 per cent.

Jean Rose looked after her father from early 1984 until he died in 1987, and her mother from then until her death earlier this year. She had to give up a decent job and take a big drop in income to become a carer. Jean and her mother had to live on her mother's small retirement pension and her £23.30 a week Attendance Allowance, plus Jean's £26.20 a week Invalid Care Allowance, and a small Income Support top-up. After paying rent and rates Jean had just £38 a week to live on: since her mother died her income has stayed the same—which illustrates the fact that carers receive little recompense for the job they do.

The fact that Jean got Invalid Care Allowance, and her mother got Attendance Allowance clearly shows that her caring job amounted to at least 35 hours a week (according to social security regulations). In reality it was much more than that—in the past five years Jean has only managed to have two half days' holiday a year. Every day of the week was organised around her mother's needs—365 days a year: as Jean says, "you're really a prisoner". The rigours of the job also lead to isolation, and her miserly level of disposable income meant she couldn't afford to keep up her own social life anyway. She couldn't afford a daily paper or a licence for a colour TV, and use of public transport had to be rationed—this happened to someone who gave up a well paid job in order to provide round-the-clock care for two parents. Carers' organisations estimate that this type of community work care saves the government £15 billion to £24 billion a year.

When Jean complained to Health Minister Kenneth Clarke, the government line was—"there's no evidence that carers' needs are any different from those of people in similar circumstances who are not carers". So much for government recognition of carers' responsibilities or needs.

Full-time carers below retirement age are supposed to be compensated for earnings foregone by Invalid Care Allowance, currently worth just £26.20 a week. But the network of rules and regulations governing this means that only 2 per cent of carers manage to get it. Liz Riley can't get it because she does meals-on-wheels for Lewisham Council for a few hours every Saturday and Sunday—although she gets less than £32 a week for this, it puts her above the £12 a week earnings limit set for the allowance. She does the job in order to get out of the house and have some respite from caring for her mother-in-law who has Alzheimer's disease—she's been a full-time carer for more than eight years.

"Caring is a 24-hour a day job, you're never off duty, you never relax," says Liz. Her husband is retired, and their household income—her earnings, two retirement pensions plus her mother-in-law's Attendance Allowance—puts them just beyond the point where social security could be claimed. At the same time, DSS rules and regulations effectively re-

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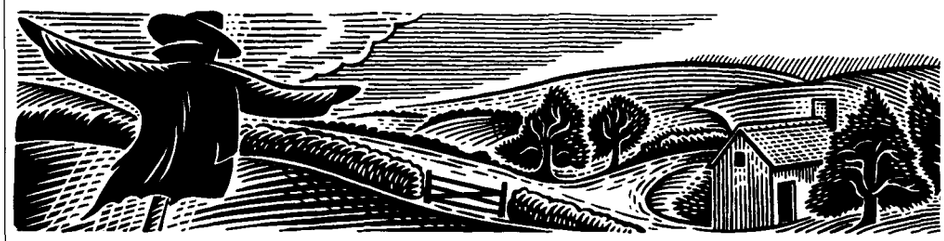
move any opportunity for them to increase the family's income. As a result they can seldom afford to go out, and the demands of Liz's unpaid job drastically limit any wider family or social life. She also points out that their costs are higher than other people's—for example, extra laundry and cleaning. The demands of her job are such that, she says, she gets to the point of not wanting to get up in the morning, knowing what lies ahead. Liz maintains that "carers want people, especially those holding the purse strings, to realise that carers do a job of work, with no bonuses, no overtime or nightshift pay, and no paid holidays".

The Carers' National Association and 25 other carers' and disability organisations are campaigning for a big relaxation in the £12 earnings rule, simplification of regulations so that more carers can actually get Invalid Care Allowance, and a big uprating in the allowance so that it more properly reflects earnings foregone. Nearly 3.5 million carers below retirement age are effectively denied the opportunity to have decently paid jobs. The web of social security rules keeps millions of carers and their families in a poverty trap.

The Carers' National Association says the government *has* promised to aid carers, particularly with regard to guarantees for respite care facilities, and the association hopes that carers will be included from the beginning when care packages are being negotiated with local authorities and other agencies. But so far there is little indication in the forthcoming white paper of any wholesale measure to take carers out of the poverty trap. The carer's job is hard enough anyway, so on what basis does the government justify these economic penalties?

Sally and Richard Greenhill

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward muses on the revolution that really happened—in dentistry

Francis Lambert, the forge-worker interviewed by Ronald Blythe for his classic *Akenfield*, thought that one of the good things about TV was the chance it offered him of seeing wonderful ornamental ironwork. As an instance of this he cited the continual close-ups of the gates of the Winter Palace in Eisenstein's film *October*.

I was reminded that we each have a special style of viewing when I came to London for a farewell lunch with Peter, the dentist. We had both seen on the previous night Frederic Rossif's old documentary *To Die in Madrid*. I was dismissive of it, disliking the way it slid over the fact that the popular revolution of 1936 had been destroyed in the interests of Stalin's foreign policy long before Franco's victory, and hating those facile shots of people in heroic poses using up ammunition as though there was an endless supply: the opposite of the truth.

Peter's reaction had been different. He had observed from those old newsreel close-ups of workers and peasants that the teeth of the Spanish poor of the 1930s were in better condition than those of their British counterparts. The Spanish were ill-fed, but with the elements of a less destructive diet. I realised that Peter must have a peculiar way of seeing the footage from the gritty British documentaries of the 1930s where the poor, even before middle age, had sunken jaws while their children's mouths were already full of decay.

His professional lifetime has witnessed an admittedly incomplete, but substantial, dental revolution, revealed by visual evidence.

We were meeting on the very day of his retirement, as I had been a patient of his for more than 40 years. Peter qualified in 1939 and became a houseman at the London hospital in Whitechapel, immersed first in the poverty of the East End and then in the extraordinary improvisations and camaraderie of the blitz. Called up, he became a Navy dentist, sent to the *Dunluce Castle*, a former cruise ship torpedoed early in the war in Scapa Flow. Beached in shallow water, the hull was filled with concrete and it was used as a naval depot. He was soon posted away but I spent most of the war years in Orkney, in a company of the Royal Engineers, among the ragtail and bobtail of civilian contractors and Italian prisoners employed in building the causeways that now link the islands around Scapa. If we were sick we went to the naval medical centre.

Peter's recollections are that the doctors had a relatively easy time, apart from enemy action and accidents, since Navy personnel were selected for physical fitness. But dentists were worked off their feet, trying to bring recruits up to the standard of oral hygiene that the services, but not civilian life, demanded. His memory did not exaggerate. In the year he qualified, the Political and Economic Planning report on Britain's health revealed that 98 per cent of Army recruits, 96.8 per cent of Navy recruits and 95 per cent of school children suffered from dental decay.

In 1947 I was working in the same part of London where he put up his brass plate. He has moved upwards and I have moved outwards, but ever since then I have looked forward to our twice-yearly gossip. It's important to recall the huge change in the British attitude to teeth which his generation of dentists had engineered. (I give the credit to the practitioners rather than to the NHS simply because anything remotely like "free" dental care, except for children, is by now just a memory.)

For we can both remember the days when large sections of the population, after a bout of toothache, considered it both normal and desirable to have everything extracted in successive weeks and to opt for a lifetime of dentures. "Let's get it over and done with, once and for all," was a widespread attitude.

He also remembers patients who felt cheated if he insisted on preserving as many teeth as possible. He blames current complaints that dentists invent occasions for unnecessary fillings, both on the bad eggs you find in every profession and on what he regards as the unsatisfactory structure of NHS payments.

One of his passions is architecture. I suppose his own work is a kind of precision engineering, and I tend to see him in architectural terms. Paul Thompson's biography of a great Victorian architect describes how William Butterfield, after a period of ruthless demolition, decided that he intended "on principle, to reuse as much of the old work as possible in the reconstruction". Patrick Geddes similarly called for "conservative surgery" as the right approach to environmental design.

Peter's approach to my teeth has always been like that. For decades now he has been saying: "Well, we'll just have to make the best of what you've got." And that's what he's done for most of my life.

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A healthy state

Can statistics show that the rich are healthier than the poor? Pat McNeill reports

The link between standards of health and social class has been known, in broad terms, since at least the middle of the last century. Since the late 1970s, however, as Peter Townsend demonstrated last week (*NSS*, 29 September), the amount of research in this area has increased enormously, as has the sophistication of the techniques used for measuring ill-health.

The study of clinically defined disease in human populations is called epidemiology and has three main areas of concern. First, there are questions about the varying extent to which disease affects different groups of people (for example, social classes, ethnic groups, age groups, the sexes, married and single people).

Second, epidemiology looks at the causes of disease, which may be revealed by studying the patterns of its distribution. An early example of this was John Snow's study of the cholera epidemic in London in 1854 which showed that the disease was particularly prevalent in the area round the Broad Street pump. From this he suggested, correctly, that the disease was spread by contaminated water.

Judy Stevens

Third, there is the study of how particular diseases spread and of the effect of different therapies. In recent years, epidemiology helped to establish the link between smoking and lung cancer, and it is a vital weapon in the fight against Aids.

In measuring ill-health, epidemiologists are faced with the familiar research problem of how to put their concepts into practice, that is, to identify indicators of people's state of health which make it possible to collect reliable data that can be statistically manipulated. There is much debate about what constitutes health, ill-health, illness and disease, but epidemiologists measure health in two main ways: through mortality and through morbidity.

Mortality rates are more commonly known as death rates. The crude annual death rate refers simply to the number of people who die during a year per thousand of population alive at the start of the year. In the UK in 1987, the crude death rate was 11.5 for men and 11.2 for women. A more useful measure is the age-specific death rate, which calculates the number of people who die per thousand in a particular age group. Thus the infant mortality rate tells us the number of deaths every year of infants under one year old per thousand registered live births. This measure, combined with social class, reveals the often-cited fact that children born in social class five suffer twice the infant mortality rate of those born in class one. The same kind of data are used to calculate the average life-expectancy of different groups in the population at various ages.

Mortality statistics, giving age and cause of death, have been available for more than a hundred years. However, while death itself is certainly a reliable indicator of someone's state of health, mortality statistics have several shortcomings. First, they measure only fatal illnesses and omit less serious and/or chronic conditions. Second, the cause of death that is entered on a death certificate is the subjective judgment of the doctor. This is by no means always a straightforward decision and might differ depending on which doctor was making it or when it was made.

As life expectancy has increased in our society, so mortality statistics have become less informative about the health of people under 70 years. Instead, measures of morbidity, the amount and distribution of ill-health, have become more widely used. But these are fraught with problems.

One source of such statistics are the records kept by general practitioners and by hospitals. In the case of GPs, the key point to recognise is that what a doctor records is the outcome of a sequence of interpretive events rather than a simple objective process of recording. First, individuals have to perceive themselves as being in a state where a visit to the doctor is appropriate. Sometimes this decision will be virtually automatic but, more often, it will be affected by their subjective interpretation (influenced by those around them) of their own state of health and of what is normal for someone of their age and social circumstances; by their judgment about whether the doctor can do anything for them and about whether the consequences of a diagnosis of disease are in fact desirable; and by the ease or difficulty with which they can arrange to see the doctor.

Once they are in the consulting room, the question of whether they are ill becomes a matter for negotiation with the doctor. There is much evidence that diagnosis is not an exact science, and doctors vary both among themselves and over time in the diagnostic decisions they make. The General Practice Morbidity Survey has the same potential shortcomings.

Hospital records, including the Hospital In-Patient Enquiry which collects data on 10 per cent of patients, are similarly affected by a host of social and economic circumstances. For example, the use of hospital facilities is partly a consequence of availability. If people know their local hospital has acquired a scanner, they and their GPs are more likely to arrange a scan and disease is more likely to be found.

Another source of morbidity statistics are self-report surveys, such as the General Household Survey, which collect data about people's subjective assessment of their health. In interpreting this data, it must be recognised that people's tolerance of symptoms varies.

An important area of current research is the relationship between self-reported illness and clinically assessed disease. People can feel ill without having any clinical symptoms, or can have a clinical pathology without feeling ill. There is also research into more objective indicators of health such as birth-weight, height and obesity. And there is work which defines ill-health in terms of the restriction, if any, on a person's normal activity, that is, on disability. The holy grail of such research would be an indicator which successfully combined a number of reliable indicators in a way which truly reflects people's real experience.

Discussion topic:

Who decides whether you are "really" ill? Does it vary?

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The good life

How can we make the good life? As workers bound together in a cooperative economy? As citizens in a political order with shared ideals? Michael Walzer argues that such identities and settings are too narrow, and sometimes coercive. He wants to praise civil society. Not only does it accept diversity but it opens the way to a new egalitarianism and a more genuine freedom

Arguments about civil society in contemporary political theory derive much of their force from east European experience. Among ourselves, since the Scottish Enlightenment or, more likely, since Hegel, the phrase has been known by the knowers of such things, but it has rarely served to focus anyone's attention. We have lived in civil society for many years without knowing it. Now writers in Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland tell us how important this particular social formation is and invite us to think about how it is achieved, secured, invigorated.

What is it, though, that makes civil society so important? The best answer to this question is probably the practical answer, which has to do with state and party oppression in the east and with welfare bureaucracy in the west. I will have something to say about all that later on, but I want first to address the larger, theoretical issue raised by the civil society argument.

What is the preferred setting, the most helpful or supportive environment, for the good life? What sorts of social structures and institutional arrangements should we, year in and year out, be working for? These questions are familiar enough, and there are two familiar leftist or oppositionist answers that contemporary defenders of civil society seek to displace.

The first and oldest answer holds that the preferred setting for the good life is the political community, the democratised state, within which we can be citizens—that is, freely engaged and fully committed members. And a citizen, on this view, is much the best thing to be. To live well is to be politically active, working with our fellow citizens, collectively determining our common fate—not for the sake of this or that determination but for the sake of the work itself, in which our highest capacities as rational and moral agents find expression. We know ourselves best as persons who propose, debate, and decide.

This argument goes back to the Greeks, but we are most likely to recognise its neo-classical versions. It is Rousseau's argument or, at least, the standard leftist interpretation of Rousseau's argument. His understanding of citizenship as agency is one of the key sources of democratic idealism. We can see it at work in liberals like John Stuart Mill, in whose writings it produces an unexpected defence of syndicalism (what is today called "workers' control") and, more generally, of social democracy. It appears again and again among 19th and early 20th century democratic radicals, often with a hard, populist edge. It resurfaces in new left theories of participation—where it was, however, or so critics have said, too theoretical, without historical reference or local resonance.

And today, perhaps in response to the political disasters of the late 1960s, American "communitarians" struggle to give this same Rousseauesque idealism a specific context, looking back to the early republic, when they recommend a renewal of civic virtue. They ask us to make the most of our citizenship; or, better, they prescribe citizenship as an antidote to contemporary fragmentation. For these theorists are disinclined, as Roussseau was, to value the fragments. If politics is our highest calling, then we must be called away from every other activity and focus on decision-making, and to some extent also everyday management, in the democratic state.

The second leftist answer to the question about the preferred setting for the good life involves a turning away from republican politics and perhaps also from politics itself. We can think of this as the socialist answer: it can be found in Marx and also, though the arguments are very different, among the utopians whom he hoped to supersede. For Marx, the preferred setting is the cooperative economy, where we can all be producers (artists, inventors, craftsmen: the assembly line worker doesn't quite seem to fit). This is, again, much the best thing to be. The picture Marx paints is of creative men and women making useful and beautiful objects, not for the sake of this or that object but for the sake of creativity itself, the highest expression of our "species being" as *homo faber*, man-the-maker.

The state, in this view, ought to be managed in such a way as to set productivity free. And once productivity is free, political arguments will cease to be terribly interesting. Politics is nothing more than the superstructural enactment of class conflict (or of its various surrogates, including ethnic, racial, and religious conflict). The contemporary left's interest in democracy, then, is merely instrumental: the democratic state is indeed the preferred setting for the working-class struggle, but the purpose of the struggle is to win, and victory brings with it the end of democratic instrumentality. There is no intrinsic value in democracy and no reason to think that politics has, for creatures like us, a permanent attractiveness. When we are all engaged in productive activity, social division and the conflicts it engenders will disappear, and the state, in the famous phrase, will wither away.

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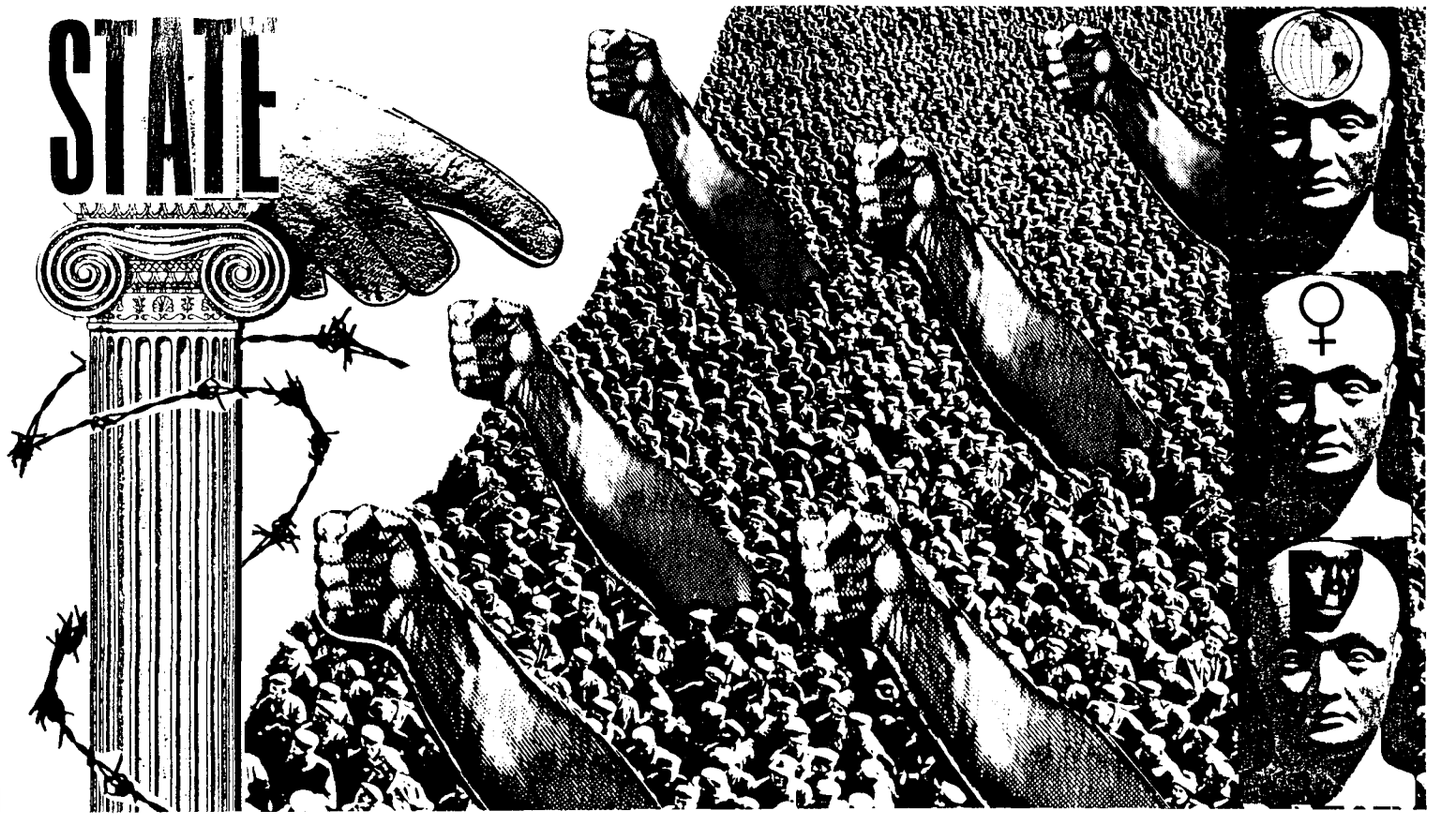

Paul Bateman

I take this to refer to the political state. Since politics and partisanship are mutual entailments, when there are no parties (no social classes) there will be no politics. Some kind of administrative agency may still be necessary for the sake of economic coordination, but this won't be an agency that engages our attention or energy. We will attend instead to the things we produce and to the relationships we form with other producers.

I suppose that no one quite believes this any more, but it does perhaps help to explain the tendency of many socialists to see the bourgeois state only as an obstacle, something that has to be, in the worst of recent jargons, "smashed".

The third leftist answer involves a partial denial and partial incorporation of the first two. On this view, the good life is most likely to be achieved in civil society, the realm of fragmentation and conflict but also of concrete and authentic solidarities, where we can be communal beings—much the best thing to be. The picture here is of men and women freely associating with one another, communicating with one another, freely forming and reforming groups of all sorts, not for the sake of any particular formation—family, tribe, religion, commune, brotherhood or sisterhood, interest group or movement—but for the sake of sociability itself, the highest expression of our social (rather than political) nature.

The defence of civil society is also a defence of associational life and of individual freedom (the right, above all, to enter and leave the various associations). These two values are widely recognised—most acutely, though not only, by those who have been deprived of them—and they are not adequately defended by either Marxist socialists or neo-classical republicans, who commonly dislike all particularist associations and aim at the transcendence or abolition of the conflicts that particularism breeds. Defenders of civil society have a more realistic view of the economy and the political community: they are in both cases more accommodating to conflict—that is, to economic competition and political division. Associational and individual freedom serve for them to legitimate a set of market relationships (not necessarily the capitalist set). The market, at least when it is properly participatory, is the economic formation most consistent with the theory of civil society. And these same values of association and freedom serve to legitimate a kind of state, liberal more than republican (not so radically dependent upon the virtue of its citizens), but more democratic in practice than either liberalism or republicanism has actually been.

Civil society, the realm of fragmentation and conflict, but also of authentic solidarities and communal beings

Once they are incorporated into civil society, neither politics nor economics can ever again be all-absorbing. They will have their occasional votaries, but these people will not be models for the rest of us. This new "associationist" perspective follows in part (among ourselves now, rather than in the east) from the lost romance of work, that is, from our experience with the new productive technologies and the growth of the service economy. Service is certainly more compatible with a vision of man as social animal than with *homo faber*: what can a hospital attendant or a schoolteacher or a marriage counsellor or a social worker or even a television repairman be said to *make*? The contemporary economy does not offer many people a chance for creativity in the romantic or Marxist sense. Nor does Marx (or any socialist thinker of the central tradition) have much to say about these men and women whose economic activity consists entirely in helping other people. The helpmeet has not been assimilated to the class of workers.

In very similar fashion, politics in the contemporary welfare state does not offer many people a chance for neo-classical or Rousseauesque self-determination. Citizenship today is mostly a passive role: citizens are served, well or badly, by civil servants. We don't, in fact, give the law to ourselves—not in any literal sense of the word "give"—and we don't determine our own fates. In the associational network of civil society, we make many small decisions and we reshape to some degree the larger and more impersonal determinations of state and economy. And in a more densely organised, more egalitarian civil society we might do both these things to greater effect.

But, once again, the part-time union officer, the movement activist, the consumer advocate, the welfare volunteer, the parent governor—all these people stand somewhere outside the republic of citizens: they are only intermittently virtuous; they are too caught up in social parti-

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Power and oppression

Walzer ignores capitalism and its power. Ellen Meiksins Wood refuses to do so

It is a good thing that the left is learning something from liberalism about the need to check the oppressive power of the state. Too bad we seem to be forgetting what we once learned from the socialist tradition about the oppressions of civil society.

The current cult of civil society tends to offer us a simple opposition between the state as the sphere of coercion and oppression, and civil society as, in principle, the realm of freedom, voluntary action and choice. Michael Walzer's civil society, despite his expressions of mild scepticism, is still a slippery concept which conceals a whole structure of coercion. How illuminating is a concept that can lump together everything from households, voluntary associations, free trade unions, to capitalist enterprises, market transactions, even the whole economic system of capitalism itself? Here, precisely, is the problem. Civil society, Walzer tells us, is about plurality, "fragments", "competition" and "division. But what about hierarchy, domination, and exploitation? What about the systemic unity which connects the "fragments"—capitalism, its expansionary drive and its capacity to penetrate every aspect of social life? What, indeed, about competition not as freedom but as *necessity*?

In Walzer's essay, "capitalism", "class" or even "power" hardly get a look in. Like traditional pluralist theories, this one disaggregates society into fragments with no over-arching power structure and no systemic coercions. (Another current fashion on the left, the "politics of identity" argument, achieves a similar effect by simply reducing "class" to just another personal "identity".)

Let's not forget that the very possibility of conceptualising civil society in its current usage is historically rooted in the evolution of capitalism. No doubt this has meant advances (always fragile) in individual freedom. But it has also meant new forms of domination, as many coercive functions which once belonged to the state have been relocated in private property, class exploitation, and market imperatives.

Civil society has given private property and its possessors a command over people and their daily lives, which many an old tyrannical state would have envied. And even those activities and experiences which fall outside the immediate command structure of the capitalist enterprise, or outside the political power of capital, are regulated by the dictates of the market, the necessities of competition and profitability. Coercion, in other words, has been one of the constructive principles of civil society.

Since none of this fits into Walzer's frame of reference, his misunderstanding of Marx is perhaps not so surprising. For Marx, he maintains, "there is no intrinsic value in democracy". Productive activity is all. Yet for Marx, the object of transforming production relations is precisely democracy, self-government by the people: their recovery of alienated power which now belongs to capitalist property, class, and the market, as well as to the state. (By the way, is anyone really still repeating the old canard that Marx expected—or even wanted—socialism to end diversity and conflict?)

Michael Walzer tells us that the market is "the economic formation most consistent with the theory of civil society". And so it is. But here we often encounter a remarkable vagueness among advocates of civil society. In eastern Europe, if you happen to point out that the market as we know it means nasty things like mass unemployment and the deterioration of public services, there are many "reformers" who will say (or at least think), "Good—and not before time". Others, in the democratic opposition, are likely to say something like "That's not what we mean by the market. We mean freedom and autonomy."

Fine. Good. Maybe it is possible to create a market which is simply a mechanism for conducting transactions between free and equal citizens—though we have yet to see a market system not based on private property, inequality, class exploitation, and coercion. But we need to know a lot more about how the advocates of civil society propose to separate out the freedom and autonomy of the market from its coercions, or how they expect to employ it as a spur to "efficiency" and "productivity" without imposing it as a discipline, a form of social control—which unavoidably means unemployment. And what price democracy if those who bear the brunt of marketisation decide to resist mass unemployment or "market" prices? Whose side should we be on when the repressive apparatus of the state moves in to rescue civil society from workers in protest?

No rational person would deny the benefits which we (some of us) enjoy in the capitalist west. But is it really true, as Walzer suggests, that all we need is "a multitude of small reforms"? Shouldn't we say instead that the oppressions of civil society have as firm a grip on the capitalist world as the state has had in the east, and that this tenacious sytem of coercion is equally in need of massive transformation?

cularity. They look, most of them, for many partial fulfilments, no longer for the one clinching fulfilment, and that means that they are turned decisively toward civil society. Politics for them is just one more activity, and so, given a free or relatively free economy, is work.

But it is a mistake to set these alternative answers in stark opposition to one another. There is no single ideal fulfilment and no essential human capacity. The advantage of sociability over self-determination and productive work lies mostly in its vagueness: it covers the full range of things that human beings do together. Human beings are mixed bags, and so the social setting that we should prefer is one that allows for and encourages diverse activities, many groups, and much coming and going. Defenders of civil society are committed to pluralism in exactly this sense, whereas Marxist socialists and Rousseauesque republicans have mostly been monists. The latter groups are ill at ease, as I have said, with competition and division; the former sees no escape, short of tyranny, from either.

That doesn't mean, however, that they are bound to accept the contemporary experience of competition and division. The incorporation of state and economy into civil society opens the way to a new egalitarianism and a more genuine freedom.

Civil society ought to be a setting controlled by its members—not through a single process of self-determination but through a large number of different (and largely uncoordinated) processes. I don't think that all these processes need be radically democratic, for we are likely to be members of many collectivities and will want some of them to be managed in our interests, indeed, but also in our absence. We will often be satisfied with a kind of ultimate accountability. But the general tone of the "system" should be democratic, and in some, at least, of its parts all of us should be able to recognise ourselves as an authoritative and responsible participant.

The state, however, has to be open in a special way to the participation of its members. I want to caution against the anti-political tendency of the civil society argument. It is indeed true that the new social movements—concerned with ecology, workplace safety, immigrants' rights, feminism, and so on—do not aim, as the democratic and labour movements once aimed, at seizing the state. This is an important shift, reflecting a new valuation of parts over wholes and a willingness to settle for something less than total victory.

But there can be no victory at all that doesn't involve some control over, or use of, the apparatus of the modern state. Other sorts of associations also require bureaucratic assistance, direction, and, sometimes, restraint. Families with working parents need publicly funded and regulated day-care and more effective state schools. And across the entire range of civil associations individual members need to be protected against the power of employers, managers, experts, professionals, officials of all sorts, full-time activists, priests, foremen, directors, parents, patrons; and small and weak groups need to be protected against large and powerful ones. If a democratic civil society

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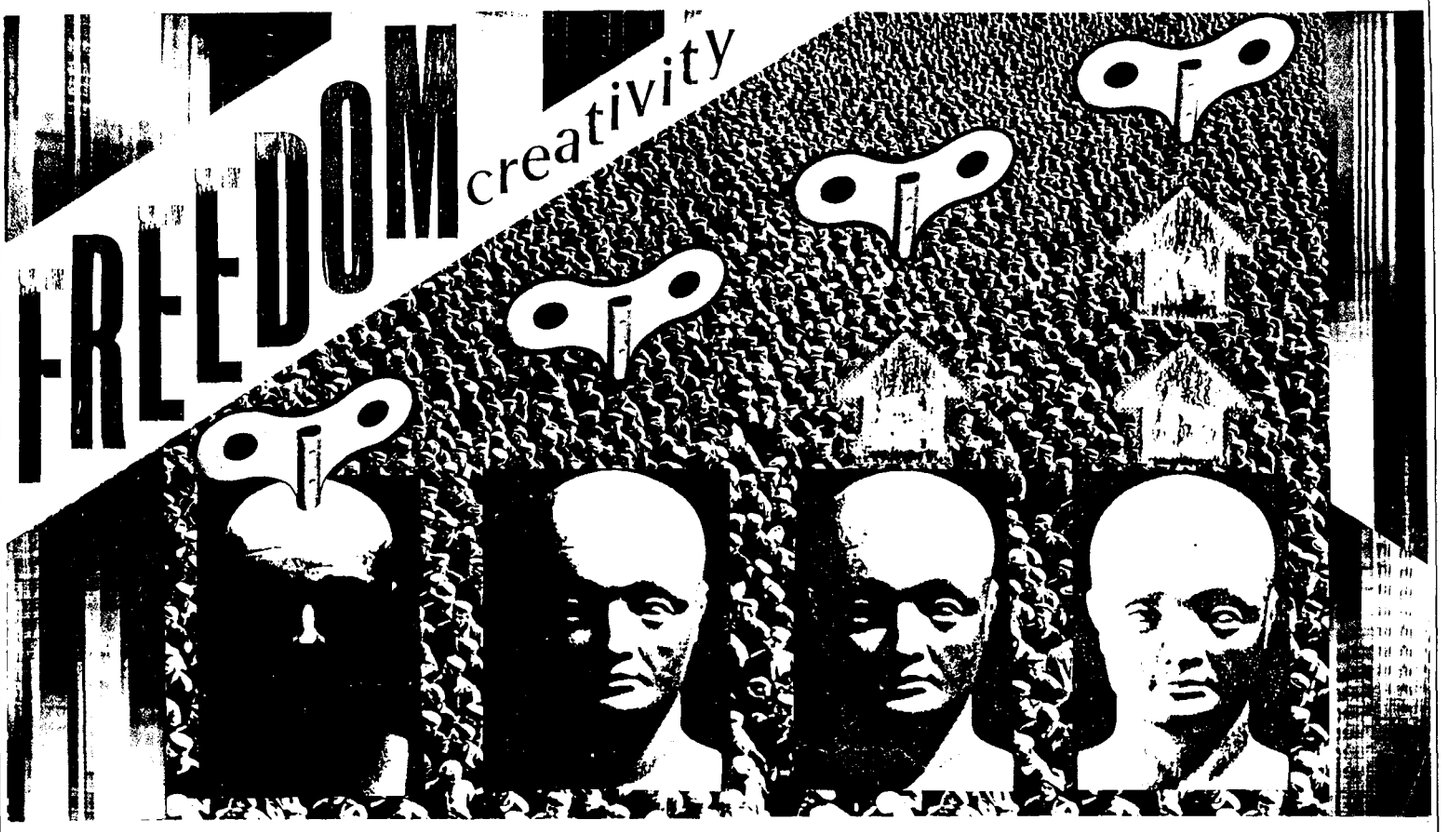

"cannot be built *through* state power, it [also] cannot be built *without* state power".

It is a useful project, I think, to hollow out the central state, so as to make more room for local self-government and associational autonomy. But we would be wrong to conceive the state in the fashion of many liberal political theorists (who don't understand their own achievement) as a neutral framework for civil society. The state is also a support system and a directive agency: a welfare-providing and policy-setting body. Its decisions go a long way toward determining the quality and character of our associations.

Perhaps this last point should be put differently: the state is the instrument with which the members of civil society, acting as citizens, struggle to give a particular shape to their common life. Hence citizenship has a certain practical pre-eminence among all our actual and possible memberships. That is not to say that we must be citizens all the time, finding in politics (as Rousseau urged) the greater part of our happiness. Most of us will be happier elsewhere, involved only sometimes in affairs of state. But we must have a state that is open to our "sometime" involvement.

I mean to defend a perspective that might be called, awkwardly, "critical associationalism". I want to join, but I am slightly uneasy with, the civil society argument. It can't be said that nothing is lost when we give up the exclusive focus on citizenship and production. There was a kind of heroism in the Rousseauesque and Marxist projects—a concentration of energy, a clear sense of direction, a resolute identification of comrades and enemies. To call oneself a citizen or a worker was to make a large moral commitment. At the same time, this commitment involved a ruthless suppression of alternative identities. The poet, the dreamer, the cosmopolitan intellectual, the trade unionist, the civil servant—all these are incompatible with the citizen ideal. The religious believer, the nationalist intellectual, the local loyalist, the entrepreneur, the politician—all these are incompatible with the worker ideal. We rightly resist these suppressions. To what kind of a project, then, are we committed?

Citizenship today is mostly a passive role: citizens are served, well or badly, by civil servants

Civil society seems to be radical only in its pluralism. It suggests a dispersal of energies and a readiness to welcome all-comers, demanding from them nothing more than tolerance and mutual respect. Adopting this position, I feel a little like an old man settling comfortably into an easy chair—with a sigh of relief for battles escaped or forgone. In eastern Europe, civil society is still a battle cry, for it requires either a partial dismantling or a partial enclosure of the party-state. But among ourselves, what is required is nothing so grand: a multitude of small reforms, a little more room for these activities, a subsidy for those. It's not that we are all that close to the preferred setting or the good life, but we have made both of these considerably less difficult and less demanding than they once were, and we have reconciled ourselves to a gradual approach.

Or so it seems from the academic sidelines: living in civil society is almost as easy as speaking in prose. But perhaps there is something to be said for the neo-conservative argument that in "real life", in modern cities and suburbs, we have to *recapture* the density of assocational life. If this is the case, then rather more strenuous argument is also needed from the left: we have to *reconstruct* that same density.

Against a background of social disorganisation—violence, homelessness, divorce, abandonment, alienation, and addiction—civil society looks more like a necessary achievement than a comfortable reality. If we have always lived there, we can nonetheless feel the ground slipping from under our feet. Neither state power, on the one hand, nor full employment and consumer satisfaction, on the other, seems a sufficient response.

People need to be bound more tightly together, made responsible for one another, and that can only be done through groups much smaller and more intimately experienced than the political community or the working class. To bind them together without violating their rights, to sustain at one time individuality and association—this ought to be the aim of contemporary leftists. It isn't an aim that can be represented in grandiose terms or underwritten with historical guarantees or achieved through a single unified struggle. It requires a more prosaic and qualified description. But it is hard enough and tricky enough to engage our energies for a long time to come. ●

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All together now

A host of small reforms won't do, says Hilary Wainwright

Michael Walzer sinks a little too complacently into his easy chair. A liberal democracy can sustain a rich associational life for the middle classes. But the opportunity of a plurality of associations for all requires the common access to public resources and influence that only a more extensive form of democracy would allow.

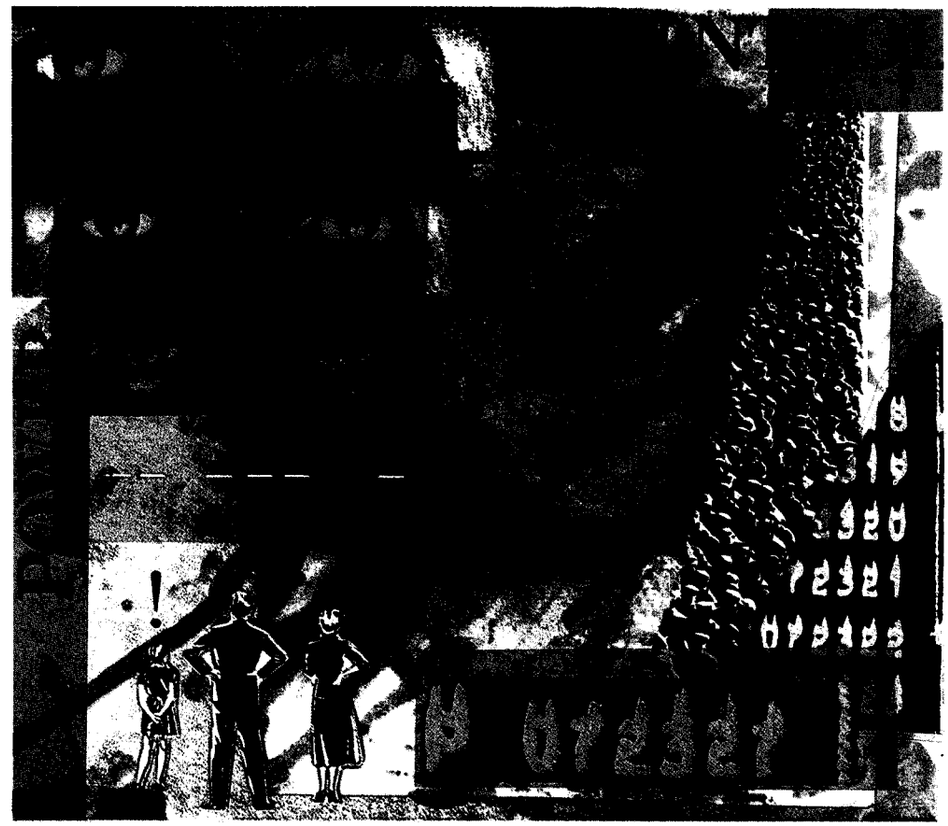
This does not entail a subservience of social life to politics; on the contrary, only the pressure of activities in social life, independent of the political, will achieve a more open, accountable politics than liberal representative democracy can provide.

The experience of the GLC illustrates both sides of this relationship. It was committed to extending the possibilities of associational life, but to do so it had to do a lot more than provide "a little more space here" and "a little more subsidy there". Yet it could not do so on its own. *Homo politicus* was not sufficient. Only the initiatives of movements based in other spheres of social life made political change possible.

Similarly in relation to the economy. As Walzer says, an associative society depends on some form of market, of a non-capitalist sort. But it also depends on a fair distribution of socially necessary work; the freedom to negotiate and balance work with other creative and social activity. The material conditions of contemporary capitalist societies do not provide much scope for "critical associationalism" among the majority of people.

In eastern Europe the battle cry is for civil society against the monopolistic power of the state. In the west, and even more in the south, the battle is for economic freedom, freedom from drudgery—on the fields, in the factories and in the offices—and/or from poverty, in order to participate effectively in civil society. Again, this will require a lot more than "a multitude of small reforms".

Walzer observes that the emergence of new movements reflects a new valuation of the parts over the whole. But is this so? Such movements are often striving towards a democratic polity and a cooperative economy which depends on a plurality of associations just as much as the associations depend on those political and economic conditions. Walzer does not fully acknowledge the interdependencies involved in achieving the good life.



A working idea

Civil society has been both denigrated and embraced by socialists. Stephen Howe traces the history of an idea

Civil society is an Enlightenment notion with roots in the Renaissance. It separated us from them: the enlightened from the barbaric, the regulated from the lawless.

The idea is a product of the theology of progress. The irony is that today its revival stems from scepticism about political modernism: the belief that the powerful, centralised state, guided by some rationalistic ideology, is the main instrument of social progress.

The first great flowering of civil society came with the Italian Renaissance, when Machiavelli and other thinkers began to associate it with the rule of law and republican concepts of citizenship. As systematic theories of the state, founded on the idea of an original social contract, were first formulated in 17th-century Europe —notably by Thomas Hobbes and John Locke— the language of civil society came to be used more uniformly. It referred to an order of society which stood in opposition, not only to the "state of nature" which preceded the social contract, but to states of barbarism, despotism and feudal ties.

Increasingly, too, civil society became *commercial* society—the fullest early discussion of the link with the market was by writers of the Scottish Enlightenment. Modern Conservatives still draw on this tradition in their arguments about civil society, freedom and the market.

What these thinkers didn't do was to distinguish civil society from the state. Locke, for instance, uses the expressions "civil" and "political" society interchangeably. Hegel is usually given the credit for making the distinction, which is crucial to modern debate— especially in eastern Europe, where people often think of civil society as not only *outside* but *against* the state.

Certainly Hegel made the distinction more sharply than any had done before. He also transformed the moral implications of the idea of civil society. For previous writers, it was overwhelmingly positive. To Hegel, civil society was the sphere of pure egoism, selfishness and competition; only the state could transcend this and create moral community under the rule of law.

Marx took Hegel fully on board and gave a sharper edge to the claim that civil society was a specifically "bourgeois" form whose freedoms benefited only a wealthy minority. This interpretation has dominated Marxist and other socialist thought, helping induce a faith in state power and a hostility to social pluralism. Marx's further twist to the tale, in which the state too will eventually be transcended and wither away, has had a far weaker hold.

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But you can argue that the distinction between civil society and the state has a more diverse past than this, emerging in the nexus of the late 18th-century democratic revolutions. Adam Ferguson, Thomas Paine and Alexis de Tocqueville all explored the idea of civil society as the site of plural democratic practices, as a bulwark against state despotism. So a radical democratic affirmation of civil society has been passed on into socialist thought just as has the Hegelian denigration of it.

These tensions, within left and socialist traditions, between pluralist democracy from below and worship of state power fissure the work of the modern thinker most responsible for reviving the idea of civil society, Antonio Gramsci. An Italian Marxist, Hegelian (via Croce) and Leninist of sorts, he was also, more ambiguously, a pluralist and a democrat. He put civil society and its opposition to the state back on centre stage; but still believed with Marx that eventually the contest between the two will lead to their mutual disappearance.

The same strains re-emerge among those oppositional thinkers in east and central Europe whom Michael Walzer rightly credits for bringing civil society once more back to our attention. Often influenced by Gramsci, often (especially the Hungarians) steeped in Hegelianism, they subject the socialist tradition to a severe examination.

Can it, they demand, form the basis for a new sort of pluralist and egalitarian democracy—something which will celebrate and foster the diversity of civil society rather than crush the life from it? Not surprisingly, most in the east answer that question with a regretful but resounding NO!

The revival of civil society as a central issue, then, arises out of a crisis of the left. For the vision of rational state power with all the answers is collapsing not only under the weight of Soviet-style state socialism, but also the failures of less extreme examples in the west. The left has to show that it can build something new and better, more humane and truly liberating, from the rubble.

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Michael Walzer is professor of social sciences at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton University, and author of *Spheres of Justice*.

Ellen Meiksins Wood is an editor of *New Left Review* and author of *Peasants, Citizens and Slaves*.

Hilary Wainwright is a freelance writer, spokesperson for Charter 88 and author of *A Tale of Two Parties*.

Stephen Howe is tutor in politics, Ruskin College, Oxford and writes regularly for *NSS*.

Michael Rustin is professor of sociology, Polytechnic of East London, and author of *For a Pluralist Socialism*.

Beyond false choices

A democratic state must support the diversity of civil society, argues Michael Rustin

Michael Walzer's article reminds us of what might be lost as well as gained in the new enthusiasm for civil society.

Two great radical ideas—of republican democracy and citizenship, and the socialist utopia of creative work as man's (usually man's in this case) main fulfilment, are implicitly displaced by the rediscovery of community, locality, and difference.

Clearly the supersedence of class-politics, in many people's minds, by "new social movements" and the ethnic, ecological, or gendered social divisions which they express, have been important to this change of perspective. So also has been the experience of the oppressive state, in its eastern European form, and of bureaucratic forms of social democracy in the west.

Nevertheless, the arguments for civil society are more urgent than Michael Walzer's article suggests. It's not just a case of accepting a new pragmatic commonsense. There is something vital at stake. This is because the idea of socialism is being ground to bits, in both east and west, by the overwhelming pressure to choose between the opposed principles of state and market. That is, between coercive forms of organisation (what we used hopefully to call "planning") and contractual forms based essentially on self-interest and private property.

The main demand, of course, is to choose or adapt to the imperatives of the market—most people in most places seem to be doing this. But the deeper problem is that the old coercive forms of state power are no longer defensible as an alternative.

The radical democratic tradition with which Walzer contrasts civil society has its origin in antagonism to the authoritarian states of the *ancien régime*. Likewise, the productionist tradition grew out of opposition to the destructive market forces of the industrial revolution.

Socialists continue to struggle against the modern market economy (though now with faint conviction). The claims of radical citizenship are now being reasserted against the Thatcherite state, as demands for the republican revolution and constitution which the British imperium managed to avoid.

The mainstream radical traditions thus attack state and market head-on, whereas the civil society or associationist choice tries to shift the agenda entirely, on to the social rather than political or economic plane.

The great value of the idea of civil society is that it proposes a differentiated and autonomous idea of social relationship as the principal building block of society. Michael Walzer is right (here and in his *Spheres of Justice*) to point to the contrast between the monism of both class-based and radical democratic theories (each positing an indivisible collective will of one kind or another) and the pluralism of the civil society idea.

One has the deepest doubts about how far such pluralism has yet infused the Labour tradition in this country, at either end of its ideological spectrum, the GLC experience notwithstanding.

The problem is to learn how to use the democratic state to support the diversity of civil society, rather than merely to maintain its own power, or at best to regulate and redistribute resources.

Walzer is right to emphasise the understandably anti-statist tone of the arguments for civil society which are inspired from eastern Europe. There, the scope of "civil society" is taken to include the market, as a preferred alternative to state power. But in the capitalist west the role of the market is more problematic, since it concentrates as well as diffuses power. Our task is often to defend individuals, institutions and communities *against* the destructive forces of the market.

How to do this *with* but not *for* the state is now a key issue for the left. Imagine that we could create over the next decade a whole field of social provision. For example, the case of pre-school provision for the under-fives, where this can be envisaged as a feasible goal.

How should one do it? By creating a "social market" where you allot vouchers and let entrepreneurs compete with one another to provide the service? By creating a new government agency, or by extending the role of local authority education or social services departments? Or, departing more radically from the state-market dichotomy, by funding a range of cooperative or community-based providers, while trying to set appropriate norms and standards, and the means by which these can be considered?

It might be refreshing to explore the relevance of these different models to a completely new field of provision, especially at a time when we can hardly catch our breath from defending the old institutions from attack. It seems to me that the attractions of the civil society model are very considerable, if one considers the choices involved in devising a new service.

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A gentle comedy of love

LYDIA AND MAYNARD: THE LETTERS OF LYDIA LOPOKOVA AND JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES
Polly Hill and Richard Keynes (editors)
Andre Deutsch £17.95

Robert Skidelsky

On 22 December 1921, Keynes wrote to Vanessa Bell: "Loppy came to lunch last Sunday, and I again fell very much in love with her." Loppy was the Russian ballerina Lydia Lopokova, who was then dancing at the Alhambra in Diaghilev's version of the *Sleeping Beauty*. He was 38, she was 29. They got married on 4 August 1925, and lived happily ever afterwards. The letters printed in this volume cover the years of their courtship, 1922-25.

The courtship is full of interest and mystery. For one thing, Keynes was known in his Bloomsbury circle as a fairly committed homosexual who even then was, Quentin Bell recalls, "married" to a Cambridge undergraduate, Sebastian Sprott, as well as carrying on with the painter Gabriel Atkin. Indeed, for a couple of years or so, Keynes ran Sebastian and Lydia in double harness: he in Cambridge, she in London and in the vacations. It's not clear that he felt he had to choose; Lytton Strachey wrote to Sprott in mid-1922: "I didn't at all gather that he [Keynes] liked you less." Lydia never moved to Cambridge, which explains the eventually massive volume of their correspondence.

Lydia, too, was a woman of considerable mystery. There was her famous "disappearance" in July 1919, when she left the Diaghilev company in London in a blaze of publicity and was not seen again for almost two years. Where was she in the interval? No one knows for sure, though she probably spent part of the time at least in the Soviet Union with a Russian (ie, Soviet) general. There were other oddities. The way she spoke and wrote English—what Keynes called "Lydian language"—was a parody of the manner of the disoriented Russian emigré. Yet she had lived in the United States for six years (1911-17), by no means mainly in Russian company, and had taken English and drama lessons for a year, to prepare for a career as a straight actress. In her affair with Keynes, she instinctively understood the importance of appearing as *unEnglish* as possible. As she herself wrote with considerable self-knowledge: "Anything is forgiven to a foreigner like me."

If Keynes's Bloomsbury friends were amazed by his switch in sexual tastes, they did not hide their disapproval of his choice of partner. It was not that Clive and Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Leonard and Virginia Woolf, and so on, disliked Lydia. But for them she was someone to adore in illusion (Clive Bell even dedicated a poem to her: "Is it true?/Are Ariel's whims/Embodied in your artful limbs?") not live with close up. But Keynes thrust her on them; and they rebelled against her distracting, café society chatter. When Keynes proposed to add her to the summer party at Charleston, Sussex, in 1922, Vanessa Bell wrote, "I'm afraid you may be forced to choose between Lydia and us." As with Sebastian Sprott, Keynes did not at first seem to feel he needed to make a choice. He

In love: Keynes with "Loppy" in 1923

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would simply add Lydia to the Bloomsbury commune. He lived so many lives anyway: why not one more?

It is against this background that certain curiosities about this volume need to be noticed. This is a selection of the first three years' letters of a 15-year correspondence. But this is not stated on the front cover or the title page. The reader should also know that almost half of Maynard Keynes's letters for these years are missing. Is this then to be the only selection? Or is more to come? And if so, how much more? On these principles of selection, it would need to be four more volumes: an impossible aim. This volume will not please the scholar of either economics, politics, or ballet; much of it will be too esoteric for the general reader. In short, a radical uncertainty of aim has underlain the project and come close to wrecking both its publishing and academic logic. This is a great shame, as the letters are full of interest and illuminate the overlapping worlds in which the two stars moved.

What I think the editors, niece and nephew to Keynes, really had in mind was to exhibit their famous uncle in the context of a satisfying heterosexual love affair, as well as to set off the charm and attraction of Lydia against the belittling sniping of Bloomsbury. They succeed more in the second aim than the first; but would have succeeded better in both had they tried to see the correspondence and marriage as a whole.

The trouble is that these are not really good love letters. They hardly hint at ecstatic or agonised states of mind. Keynes's letters are uniformly affectionate, kind, considerate, amused and ironic, as they will continue to be all the way through to 1937. Despite some gentle and subtle endearments, sexual passion seems to have played little part in his feelings. Lydia's are much more direct in expression of oral endearment and sexual devotion: she wants to "gobble", "taste", "lick" her reluctant lover, and signs herself "Your dog".

She suffers more than he does. The affair went through a number of crises connected with Sebastian Sprott, the rejection of Lydia by Bloomsbury, and Keynes's simply not being there. But it's all well hidden, as though Lydia is afraid to trouble Maynard with her pain. There is one revealing letter in which Keynes chides her for not writing to say she is well and happy; because "when I think you may be a sad Lydochka, I think about you when I might be thinking about drier matters" (ie, his work).

A *modus vivendi* gradually established itself. Lydia was tough and independent. She used her own friends as an outlet for her frustrations and doubts. Rejected by Bloomsbury, she clung fiercely and proudly to her own circle, notably Elizabeth and Samuel Courtauld, Florence and Teddy Grenfell, Vera and Harold Bowen, Basil Maine (her "platonic lover"), and various ballet friends and groupies, who loved and appreciated her. The fault lines in their relationship set the limits to their marriage.

Lydia's charm emerges chiefly through her Lydia Speak, the result of an interesting twist of mind and deliberate affectation. Her effects are very hit and miss, but at her best she is a unerring phrase maker. The Labour leader Ramsay MacDonald is a favourite butt: she talks about Ramsay's "undoings", his "high polluting nonsense", and the "red bambuzzle"; she likens him to "a crow with peacock's feathers". She studies Keynes's latest economic theories from what she calls the "human point of vue": "Quantity theory of money gives purchasing power, and hence acquisition of papers [notes] that I spend so often and that is very human"; he writes back enclosing "some purchasing power".

What these letters show is a love affair of middle age, the more durable for its true character revealing itself early on. It is based on admiration, amusement, affection. There is a gentle comedy of love being played out, in which Lydia never ceases to tell Keynes how brilliant he is, and he never stops telling her how wise she is. They loved each other's "purple passages". He was occasionally astounded by her arithmetical acumen, while she was delighted by his subtle humour and dextrous turn of phrase.

The editing of these letters is a mixture of the energetic and inattentive. The discovery of the diary of Harold Bowen, Vera Bowen's husband, is a real find. There is a splendid list of *dramatis personae*. But some of the referencing is inadequate, and there are mistakes. Having started on the journey, the editors should surely press on, but they must really decide where they are going.

Middle class ego trip

Martyn Harris describes how he came to write his first novel, "Do It Again", which is published this week and reviewed below

Wanting to write a novel is a form of nervous disorder. Few of those written are published; few of those published make any money; and practically none at all are remembered after ten years. How many of the thousands of novels published in England in the 1930s have survived? If you can name a dozen you are pretty literate.

Yet nearly everyone has fantasised about doing it: it's the middle-class equivalent to the dream of scoring the winning goal in the FA Cup Final. The novel is the most complete expression of ego available in the arts. It is the only way we have of creating an entire imaginary world, apart from cinema—which is a collective rather than individual enterprise. However temporarily, the novel is the best way of halting the wastes of time.

I planned to write one before I was 25, then 30, then 35. As birthdays passed I made lists of famous authors who had not been published before they were my age. Joseph Heller was 39 before he did his first. Anthony Burgess was 43, Mary Wesley was drawing her pension, Marcel Proust was dead... But hang on a minute. What was the point of becoming immortal if you never got to hear about it?

I did it by accident in the end. I was fed up working on the news features desk of the *Daily Telegraph* and went to ask the editor, Max Hastings, for a year off "to finish a novel", confidently expecting him to sack me. Despite his fearsome reputation, Hastings is a kindly and liberal soul who likes to encourage decent writing. He offered me six months part-time, so I was stuck with it.

Far from finishing a novel, I didn't even know what it was to be about. I'd never written a word of fiction in my life. I had no agent, no publisher, nothing. I spent six weeks in a hot panic, writing down things like: "Northern Ireland thriller?... Could do dynasty novel set in three different miners' strikes... Punk detective mystery might work... Or what about an Anthony Powell piss-take?"

In the end, I realised the novel was under my nose. Friends all around me were flogging London houses to move to idyllic new lives in the country, some in the university town where we had all got to know each other. *Rus* and *urbs* is the oldest comic theme in literature but none the worse for that. I decided to write a funny book about someone looking for lost innocence, in the country and in the past, and that was roughly what I did.

Eight weeks into my leave I wrote, "It was a cold and windy day in February"—and crossed it out. How did novels begin? I decided to skip the start, and write out a bit of dialogue I'd already planned. It went all right, but when I read it over I found that the "he said, she said, he said" was repetitive and irritating. I changed it to "he remarked, she laughed, he snapped" and it looked even worse.

I had an English degree. I'd read thousands of novels. I was the best amateur literary critic in the White Lion of Mortimer. But how did a chapter begin and how did it end? How did you shift from one scene to another? How many characters could you introduce before it got confusing? What were the effects of first or third person narrators? I'd written thousands of words of waspish journalism about other people's writing, and hundreds of condescending book reviews and I didn't have the first clue how a novel actually worked.

So I started looking at novels I liked to see how they worked. People like Kurt Vonnegut, Fay Weldon, Ian McEwan, Martin Amis and his dad. I didn't actually copy but the influences are all there, as I think they are in nearly all first novels.

Ten weeks into my leave and I'd finally started writing, but it was terribly slow. Desperately, I was borrowing ideas and adapting chunks of prose from my journalism to speed things up, but it was dreadfully creaky and the joins were visible from the other end of the street.

I committed myself to 1,000 words a day. I sat myself down at 9.30 every morning, and every morning sat there until lunchtime in a state of dreary paralysis. I'd made a public commitment to write a book. My wife knew about it, my editor, my friends, my mum and dad—and I just couldn't do it. In the afternoons, driven by panic, I would chuck down 1,000 words and, as early as decently possible, head towards a large gin and tonic without daring to read what I had written.

After four months I was six chapters into the book and something happened. It's terribly corny, but the characters do start to get a life of their own. I'd been moving them about like puppets

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according to the instructions on my chapter plan, and suddenly they were moving themselves. They had become interesting. I re-read the early chapters and decided they were awful but salvageable, and I pushed on.

Chapter seven made me laugh and so did chapter nine. My six months were nearly up, so I printed out the best chapters and sent them to Anthony Goff at David Higham, an agent who had written to me years ago about a non-fiction book I had planned. He liked them, I begged another two months leave from the *Telegraph* and headed to a borrowed flat in Penzance for a six-week burn.

Fuelled by fish and chips and in a haze of cigar smoke and Newcastle Brown I wrote seven more chapters, four of them in a week, and it was done. Half the original themes had collapsed, the opening was still awful, it finished too abruptly and there were sections that embarrassed me dreadfully, but I'd had enough of it.

A year later and it is sitting in its Viking-Penguin livery on my desk, all ready for publication, and I still don't want to read it. I'm proud of a few things about it: I think it's honest about male sexuality, for instance, and I like the ruthless way it disposes of its characters. But if I'd been reviewing it a few years ago I'd have called it derivative and commercial, with a few quite funny bits. The strange thing is, I am only writing kindly reviews these days.

A cure for impotence

DO IT AGAIN
Martyn Harris
Viking £11.95

Jeremy Lewis

Novelists who make one smile are far rarer than blurbs—or reviews—would have us believe; those who make one laugh out loud can be ticked off on the fingers of two hands. It's good to report that Martyn Harris—already established as a knowing and acerbic columnist and interviewer on the *Telegraph*—is, on the strength of his first novel, an immediate member of this most exclusive and congenial of clubs.

Do It Again is the funniest new novel I've read since the early Howard Jacobson. It's not a particularly profound or original piece of work—the campus scenes, in particular, are wearily redolent of Messrs Bradbury and Lodge—but it combines comicality with melancholy, wisdom with wisecracking, and an unillusioned nostalgia for the sixties with an all-too-vivid evocation of a tatty, egotistical England in which car telephones proliferate at the expense of the public variety, and taking a bus can be seen as a "mildly left-wing act, now that patronising public transport had come to be seen as something vaguely subversive, a relic of the ancien regime".

Alec Smith is a 39-year-old millionaire socialist and former publisher who has made a killing with a disrespectful book about the royals called *The Republican Reader*. Now a man of leisure, he wants to leave London and return to Uplands, the house in which he and his dope-puffing, bead-wearing friends had lived the idyllic life 20 years before while students at Wykeham University, a decaying concrete outfit which sounds suspiciously like Kent.

Alec's wife, Susan, feels this to be retrograde step, but "Alec had the practical man's faith that you could fix anything if you tried hard enough. He could strip a car engine, lay bricks, rewire a house. He had built his own publishing company from nothing and sold it for a lot of money. He had got fat, then made himself thin again. He had even given up smoking. What was so hard about going backwards?"

Armed with this simple faith, he sets off to rediscover paradise—refreshing himself en route in a country pub where "in the lounge bar the stone floors had been covered in a migraine-patterned carpet. A row of video games machines throbbed and chattered nervously in a corner, while traditional fayre of chili con carne and turkey provençale simmered sullenly under brass warming lamps on a smeared glass counter".

Back on once-familiar ground, Alec sets about renovating Uplands, and arranging a nostalgic party for old university "friends" like Malcolm, a drug-dealer and freelance gossip columnist who cheerfully betrays his every move, and the predatory William, whose sexual triumphs have always left poor Alec at the starting post; he also meets the divine Rachel, the 19-year-old student daughter of a puritanical Minister of Education—a liaison that sends Malcolm racing to his word processor.

Drink, age and masturbation have rendered Alec—never the most confident of lovers—frustratingly impotent, but matters are put right (too much so) by a glib Welsh doctor, who charges £1,000 for an injection to the offending part: Alec hurries back across London "cradling his erection proudly across his lap like a sabre", pausing in the station gents where he finds it's a good 45 degrees from the horizontal "and, he could swear, an inch longer then he'd ever seen it before. It twanged triumphantly erect when he tried to force it down between his legs. It struggled like a jolly puppy when he tried to restrain it in the nylon sausage skin of the underpants, popping boisterously over the leg-hole, peeping cheekily over the waistband."

Life with a permanent erection brings its own troubles, and matters go from bad to worse for Alec, a lone survivor from the sixties, turned on and betrayed by his wife and the friends of his youth. Martyn Harris recounts his adventures with an eloquent, fast-moving blend of wit and world-weariness; he has a lethal eye for the small details of life in Mrs Thatcher's Britain, and for the familiar humbuggeries of those who combine school fees and country cottages with theoretical left-wing views.

He's also extremely good on the differences between the sexes—not least on the disastrous, self-indulgent male need to confess all ("It was a masculine thing, this urge to confess. The feeling that everything could be wiped out and made clean by acts of self-revelation. Women knew better than that, sensing, perhaps, that confessional was not just the end of one passage of life, but the beginning of others. There were no breaks, no absolutions, and no purgations: just one muddied stream merging with another. But he went ahead and told her anyway.")

I hope it's not telling too much to say that the book's end is as thrilling as *The Graduate*'s, with those arrayed against him gibbering with impotent fury.

Inside Indira

INDIRA GANDHI: A PERSONAL AND POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY
Inder Malhotra
Hodder & Stoughton £20

Bhikhu Parekh

Biographies are not very common in India, and such as do appear follow a set pattern. Their subjects tend to be politicians not poets, writers, artists or social workers, and they are written by journalists rather than by academics or men of letters. They concentrate on their subjects' political career rather than their inner lives and ideas, and are little different from the political history of the period. They are largely descriptive rather than interpretive and explanatory, and they are mostly written for a western audience.

Inder Malhotra's exceptionally well-written and skilfully structured biography of Indira Gandhi both falls within and breaks away from this pattern. It is largely written with the western, especially British, reader in mind. The bulk of the book is a piece of contemporary history and devoted to Indira Gandhi's years in and out of office as Prime Minister. There is no discussion of her philosophy of life and her religious, political and moral beliefs. There is little use of primary material relating to her father or to her childhood years in Switzerland and England.

Thus far conforming to the familiar pattern of Indian political biographies, Malhotra's book also makes a decisive break with it and takes Indian biographical writing a step forward. He is aware that political biographies, as distinct from historical narratives, must look at political life from the perspective of their historical subjects and run their personal and political lives, their inner and outer worlds, in tandem.

Accordingly, he analyses Indira Gandhi's personality, probes her innermost fears, anxieties, hopes and aspirations, and uses the insights so gained to render her political actions intelligible. His is one of the first serious Indian attempts to write a political biography in the true sense of the word. It is not just a biography of an eminent politician, but a reasonably successful attempt to integrate her turbulent political career with the flow of her *bios* and to see each in relation to the other.

In Malhotra's hands, Indira Gandhi emerges

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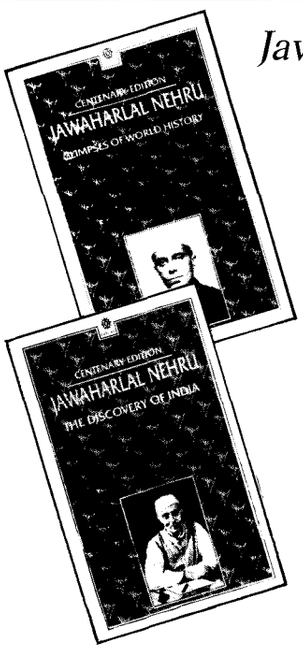

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as a highly complex but deeply flawed individual. She was charming, graceful, possessing a good sense of humour and a remarkable sense of beauty, and stoically self-disciplined. She was also shy, somewhat insecure, moody, unable to trust people, poorly read and uncomfortable with abstract discussions. The Emergency did almost as much damage to her as it did to the country, and made her moody, depressed, arbitrary, indecisive, lonely and confused.

After her post-Emergency defeat and especially her son's death, she turned deeply religious, even superstitious, sought the inner peace that constantly eluded her, and was prone to tears. Following Bhutto's execution in 1979 and the Sikh threats to her life soon afterwards, she was haunted by the fear of an unnatural death. Paradoxically, the more real the threats, the more she came to terms with her mortality and felt at peace with herself.

At the political level Malhotra's assessment of her is little different from that of most liberals. While admiring her intense patriotism, tenacity, courage, political skills and immaculate sense of timing on crucial occasions, he thinks she almost entirely destroyed her father's great legacy and is responsible for India's current malaise.

Propelled by her deep sense of personal and political insecurity and her concern to establish a dynastic rule, she went about destroying her party, the delicately balanced federal structure, the hitherto independent judiciary, the cabinet government and the trade unions. She dismissed chief ministers at will, set up mutually destructive factions at state level, treated her cabinet colleagues with a mixture of condescension and contempt, and ensured that no one near her retained an independent power base of his own. She presided over a vast system of patronage and corruption, had little regard for truth, lacked a coherent economic ideology and showed little serious concern for the poor.

The Emergency, the "cardinal sin" in Malhotra's view, was a culmination of her authoritarian mode of governance. She learned little from her defeat and returned to power a much more insecure and vindictive woman, feeling betrayed by all save her family and determined to settle old scores. She caused havoc in Assam, Andhra, Kashmir and in the Punjab, for the last of which she paid with her life. When she died her "credibility had sunk so low that anything said against her was apt to be believed". Even such sober commentators as Pran Chopra, whom Malhotra quotes with approval, felt that she had become a "danger to national unity". If Inder Malhotra is right, her death could not have been more timely for India, and her manner of death could not have been more redemptive for her!

Though many of Malhotra's criticisms are well-taken, his assessment of Indira Gandhi is too unhistorical to be persuasive. As he himself recognises, she politicised the poor, pushed through the Green Revolution, continued the programme of industrialisation initiated by her father and most jealously guarded India's vital interests. She was free from her father's colonial sense of inferiority and liberated India from its debilitating dependency on the west, a fact for which she is rarely given sufficient credit.

Though the Emergency was a grave error of judgment, it was not so much a malicious attempt to subvert the Indian polity as a panicky move of a bewildered politician, and she soon seems to have realised her blunder. Though her personalised and authoritarian style of politics caused inexcusable damage to Indian democracy, one must also remember a great deal of mindless and sexist opposition mounted against her. The fact that she was able to hollow out established institutions with such ease tells us as much about her as about them, the middle classes who put up with it, and the electorate who repeatedly voted her to power. She was a complex mixture of noble and base, liberal and authoritarian impulses, and if the latter dominated her decisions, part of the responsibility must be shared by the volatile context in which she had to function and the kinds of men with whom she had to deal.

Iris the magician

THE MESSAGE TO THE PLANET
Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus £13.95

Carole Angier

I see Iris Murdoch as a miner. Lamp on forehead, grimy face both noble and troll-like, she toils at her seam, surfacing regularly, triumphant, with enough sulphurous heat and fitful light for another year.

All her novels have been variations on a few great themes: love and power, religion and magic, good and evil. And since the first study of her (by A S Byatt) in 1965 the same qualities have always been clear. Iris Murdoch has enormous moral and philosophical, narrative and descriptive power. Her prose, her psychology, her sheer inventiveness of character and event can be hypnotically brilliant. But they can also be schematic and contrived. Her matter can feel deliberately weird, her manner overstrained, her sense obscure, her characters steamrollered by the weight of their metaphysical and symbolic meaning.

All of this, both positive and negative, is hugely true of *The Message to the Planet*, her twenty-fourth novel. It is more Murdoch than ever. We are in an extreme Shakespearean world, all kings and queens and magicians, not a rude mechanical in sight. The main characters are a scholar-magician, an academic, an artist, a poet, a priest (ex), a rabbi, a magician-doctor. Almost all have mysteriously significant names—Vallar the magician (valour?), Ludens ("playing") the naive academic, Fenman the primitive poet, Marzillian (Merlin?) the sinister doctor, the rabbi Most, whose name means bridge in Russian. Many of these send or bring messages to one another, at several levels; but the main message—the message to the planet—is held, it seems, by Vallar.

Vallar is the main, high-Murdoch character. He is an obsessed and solitary genius, a Jewish refugee, an inhuman man with superhuman powers; perhaps evil, perhaps holy, perhaps simply mad. Ludens especially believes he has a message for mankind, and tries to get him to write it down. It's not clear what the message, so conceived, is—"pure cognition", a universal language, a synthetic necessary truth like the Ontological Argument or the *cogito*. But it becomes clear that Vallar (Murdoch?) no longer believes that it can be conceived at all. It's not a thought but an experience, a mode of being; and one which has to do with suffering. In the end Vallar becomes Christ, who suffers and dies for all of us: but a 20th century Christ, whom it may not be possible to believe in.

This is the philosophical heart of the novel, and it is as abstract (and sometimes as tedious) as it sounds. But Iris Murdoch is not just a philosopher, but a dramatist—even more a dramatist. So around this abstract heart, almost as though to make up for it, she constructs its exact opposite: a wildly romantic and baroque body. Vallar becomes a healer and then a guru, performing miracles (or black magic?) for worshipping acolytes. Ludens suffers torments of jealousy about him, and falls madly in love with his daughter Irina (who has, however, a fairytale secret). And this is still only half the book. The other half is entirely a love story: a triangle made up of the painter Jack, his wife Franca and his mistress Alison. Jack insists on total love and honesty, which drives both women into hate and lies. This story, too, explores the tension between a metaphysical ideal and moral reality, and the dangers and ambiguities of love and power.

Both stories are thus ultra-Murdoch, and so is their telling. Dreams and nightmares, images of animals and of high art (here Leonardo) abound. Both plots are artificial, improbable, but riveting. *You have to know* what the message means, what will happen to Franca. There are extraordinary and beautiful set-pieces, Irina standing in a stream, Alison and Jack rising out of an early morning lake like visions. The mental strain of the meaning is bathed in visual and verbal beauty.

But this also goes too far. From the title page onwards every word strains with significance. The temperature starts high and ends delirious, until everyone is a saint or a demon and even the furniture is tormented and enchanted. It's *too much*, as if the lushest, loudest opera in the world were being sung straight into your ear.

And though it's so intensely, individually Iris Murdoch, I kept being reminded of other writers. Shakespeare of course, who is deliberately evoked (Prospero again, as in *The Sea, the Sea*). Tolstoy—*The Message to the Planet* is very like *Anna Karenina*, half religious quest and half love story. But most of all, oddly, of Ivy Compton Burnett.

Compton Burnett, too, wrote the same novel over and over again. She, too, combined the most formal symbolic patterns with the most acute social and psychological observation. She, too, has weird characters saying gnomic things with dreamlike (or nightmarelike) fascination. And she, too, is obsessed with power. Perhaps Iris isn't a miner after all, but, like Ivy, herself a magician.

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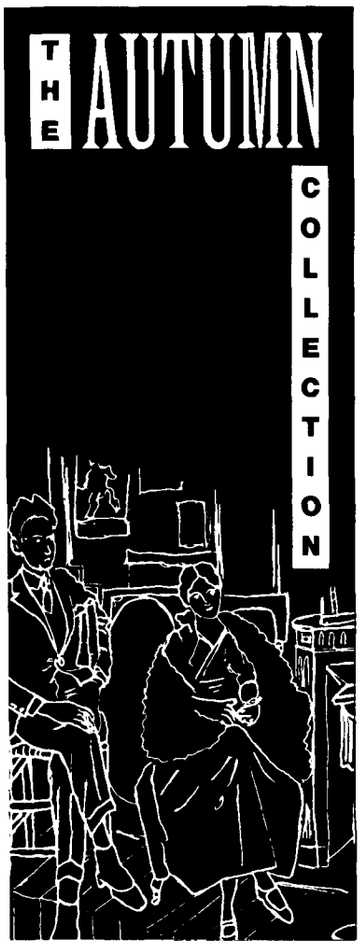

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Last leader

AGAINST GOLIATH
David Steel
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £14.95

Peter Clarke

As we all know, there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. And if not, not. David Steel just missed it, and ended up instead with the ambivalent distinction of being the last leader of the historic Liberal Party. But for a moment at the beginning of the eighties, Steel found himself in a pivotal position in seeking to remould British politics. It is for the strategy of the Alliance between the Liberals and the SDP that he will be remembered—and judged.

One reason why it looked so promising in its early days was that one party was led by a man who was quintessentially a liberal and the other by a man who was fundamentally a social democrat. Roy Jenkins, of course, was the liberal and David Steel the social democrat. Observations like this have done Steel no good in the eyes of Liberal purists, making their toes curl up in their sandals. Though no one fought harder to keep the party going, for Steel this was never an end in itself: he wanted to see the party going places. And for this he needed allies. His memoirs cite statements he made from student days onwards testifying to his vision.

Elected to parliament in 1965 as "the boy David"—an epithet to which his book's title helps give an indecently long life—Steel soon made his mark. His abortion bill brought an early contact with Jenkins at the Home Office. Grimond's notions of a realignment on the left found an ardent young supporter, and one who, once Thorpe had succeeded as leader, was prepared to keep them, like germinating bulbs, in a dark closet for the duration. Of course, when the closet door came to be opened, a good deal else tumbled out. Steel devotes one of his best chapters to the bizarre episode which brought down Thorpe in a welter of allegations and innuendo. For anyone who wants a refresher course on the pedigree of Rinka the dog, this book is indispensable.

The net result was to make Steel party leader at the age of 38 in 1976. In his 12 years in the post he drove his flock like a Border sheepdog, not without some snapping at the stragglers, in the direction he desired. He made them face compromise in a pact with the Labour government and he succeeded in holding the line at the 1979 general election. Above all, he responded imaginatively to Jenkins's initiative for a new party, and to the split in the Labour ranks which gave it a constituency. Instead of strangling the social democrats at birth, as Cyril Smith recommended, Steel decided to "smother them in kindness and assume a putative alliance". Just as this son of the manse had put his life savings on a bet that he would win the by-election which first returned him to parliament, so he now revealed an extraordinary capacity to play for high stakes.

As much as Margaret Thatcher, he took his life in hands during 1981-82, and there is a strong case for believing that the issue was settled by fittingly unpredictable means—the Falklands crisis. This is what Steel suggests; and if he is right then the rest of the story is, for all its vicissitudes, "bound in shallows and in miseries". For the Alliance's performance in the 1983 election, though formidable by third-party standards, fell short of a breakthrough. The logic of a merger was now implacably resisted by David Owen. It was a veto which Steel accepted after this general election, with unfortunate consequences, but challenged after the next, with consequences that proved appalling.

These events repeated a cycle—the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce—from which the Alliance could not escape. David Steel brings an understandably weary air to his recital of them, with the lacklustre comment at one point: "Our opinion-poll ratings had started to drop. We might have won otherwise." Perhaps that's all there is to be said.

The road of excess

THE KING OF THE SHADOW REALM: ALEISTER CROWLEY, HIS LIFE AND MAGIC
John Symonds
Duckworth £25
MY MOTHER; MADAM EDWARDA; THE DEAD MAN
Georges Bataille
(translated by Austryn Wainhouse, with an introductory essay by Yukio Mishima)
Marion Boyars £13.95

George Melly

The temptation to try and establish a theme linking two or more books under review can lead at times to tortuous ingenuity. There is no such difficulty here. Both Aleister Crowley, the subject of John Symonds's exhaustive biography, and Georges Bataille, the author here of three fictions of various lengths, had much in common. They were both obsessed with sex at its most extreme, believing, like Blake, that the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. They both wrote a great deal of pornography in which excrement and urine featured to a marked degree. They both hoped that by wallowing exhibitionistically in the mud, they might provoke God into showing himself.

There was, however, one great difference between them. Crowley was a crashing bore, a con-man and bounder without a single decent human instinct. Bataille was a tortured genius and, furthermore, unlike Crowley, could write like a fallen angel.

In his preface, in the very first sentence, Symonds, perhaps unconsciously, gives the game away: "This is my second and final—let me hope definitive—biographical book about Aleister Crowley." That "let me hope" is indicative of a certain fatigue, and no wonder. It is surprising that he manages to remain throughout both sceptical and amusing. The trouble is that an inordinate amount of space is given over to "the Great Beast's" own writing: his frightful Swinburne-and-water poetry, his cringing or arrogant pursuit of funds, his squalid exploitation and heartless rejection of the neurotically unbalanced, his supreme and unattractive egotism.

Dressed like an increasingly down-at-heel music-hall conjurer, bisexual and, well into old age, insatiable, Crowley nevertheless arouses some astonishment at his stamina. His daily drug intake, from heroin downwards, was enough to have wiped out a whole regiment, and that is leaving aside his huge consumption of alcohol. His "magick", diverse sexual acts which he believed, or chose to believe, were necessary to advance his occult activities, were formidable in both the prolongation of individual bouts and the vast number of people, including prostitutes, he succeeded in penetrating. He left in his wake the mad and the dead, seemingly without a twinge of conscience.

Was there anything to be said in his favour? He was certainly brave and, in his youth, a formidable, if reckless, mountaineer. He was undoubtedly learned in every branch of ancient and modern mumbo jumbo and, in his own view, able to use that knowledge to invoke a wide assortment of gods and demons but after all, as anybody who has taken an LSD trip will confirm, the subconscious, liberated by drugs, projects itself in a three-dimensional form indistinguishable from reality, and the definitive evidence that it was all self-delusion is that he was unable, once his inheritance was spent, to keep himself in funds, surely a simple enough task for a magus. Not that this stopped him from spending any money he had on expensive restaurants, brandy, cigars and hand-made shirts. He believed, too, in the unattractive tradition of the "gentleman", that tradesmen existed to be dunned. His assertion that he could become invisible might be explained by the fact that people, especially his acquaintances, may have chosen not to see him.

It is a relief, though a comparative one, to turn to Bataille. Here is a brilliant intellect darkened by a pessimism so extreme that it is amazing that he retained his sanity and lived to be 65. A childhood overshadowed by the slow death of a syphilitic father was a promising apprenticeship in horror and disgust. Writing, the externalisation of his inner conflict, probably kept him going. So did his belief in a surrealist stance, but a surrealism rooted in total pessimism, the dark shadow of André Breton's optimistic credo. It was, in fact, to Bataille that those, ejected by Breton for whatever reason, tended to flock in order to attack their former leader, but there was nevertheless a guarded respect between the two men, and even occasional collaboration.

The introductory essay to the works under review is by Yukio Mishima and the inference is that at heart Bataille was a devout Catholic manqué. This, I think, is pushing it. Sartre, quoted on the back cover, is nearer the mark: "Bataille speaks about man's condition, not his

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nature. Bataille has survived the death of God. In him, reality is conflict."

The three pieces are diverse. *My Mother*, the longest, while including lesbianism, troilism, sadism and incest, is written almost without recourse to explicit sexual description. It is, however, disturbing in the extreme. *Madam Edwarda* is closer to conventional pornography, *The Dead Man* overtly repulsive in its scatalogical imagery. Yet none of them provokes straightforward tumescence. Lacking perhaps the formal perfection of his black masterpiece, *The Story of an Eye*, they nevertheless contrive to push our resistant imaginations to the limit. They question our comfortable delusions, our deliberately limited assumptions. "Terror on the edge of the grave," Bataille writes, "is divine."

Briskness and bleakness

DEVICES AND DESIRES
P D James
Faber £11.99

Patricia Craig

Adam Dalgliesh, P D James's detective, who last appeared in *A Taste for Death* (1986), now finds himself on the north east coast of Norfolk where a predator dubbed "the Whistler" is on the loose, some ill-adjusted people are generating friction among themselves and a nuclear power station looms over the whole scenario.

Dalgliesh, who has recently published a new book of poems and inherited a windmill from his ornithologist aunt, isn't on the spot in an official capacity, but gets drawn into the murky goings-on nevertheless. Indeed, it's Dalgliesh himself who stumbles on the crucial corpse in the case when he visits a beach at night, on a whim; and as a consequence he gains a new perspective on the business of investigating. "He may not be a serious suspect... but he makes his statement like everyone else," grunts the officer-in-charge.

Devices and Desires is a long novel and it touches on quite a few enormities of contemporary life—the nuclear threat and its accompanying opposition, terrorism, conspiracy, abuse of animals, oversensitivity to racial innuendo (the fear of calling a blackboard black), the susceptibility of rash young women to murderous attacks. It is saturated in P D James's accustomed atmosphere of briskness and bleakness, with the fullest attention paid to individual ends—the "desires" of the title—and for quite a long stretch of the book, we might feel we are back in the world of *The Black Tower* (1975), or *Death of an Expert Witness* (1977).

Like the current one, each of these James novels is centred on an institution, with plenty of shadiness on the part of employees and their associates, and one or two avoidable deaths on

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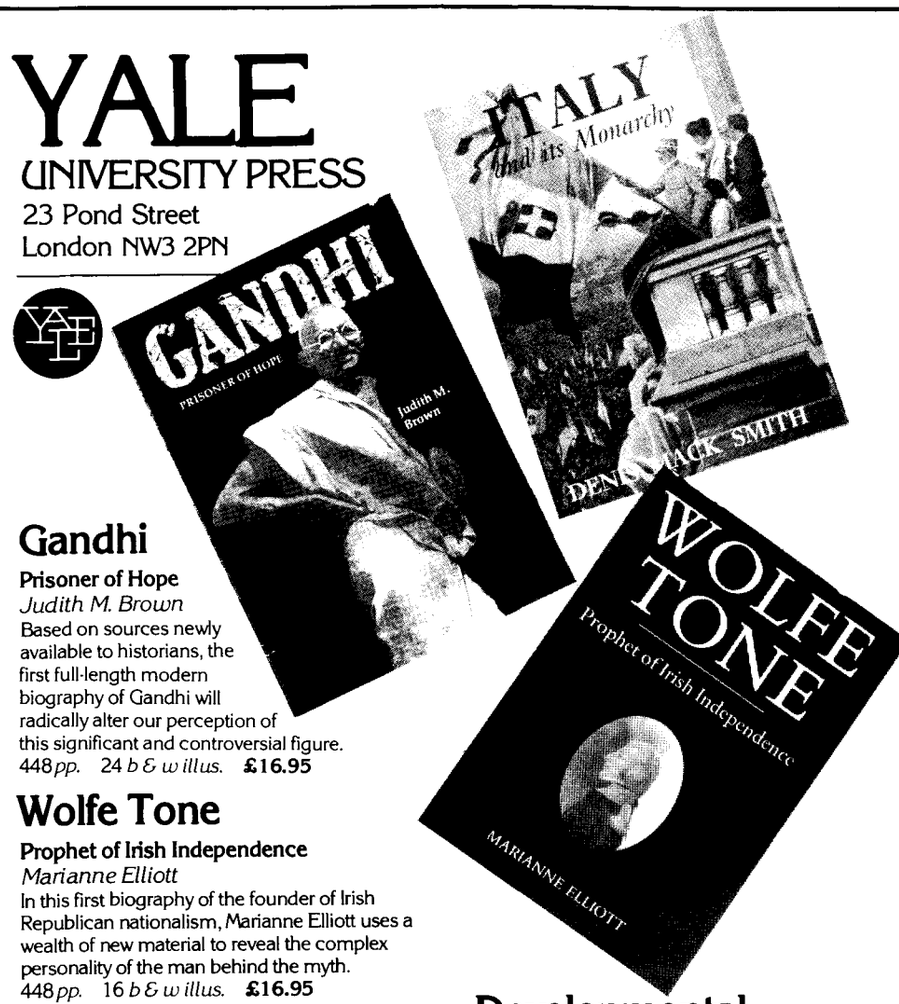

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edited by Robert J. Sternberg and Michael L. Barnes
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the premises. But the new book is wider in scope, and also more thoughtful, with its reflections on outlets for badness throughout the centuries, and the mixed motives of murderers—changeling figures, sometimes, like the one in the Charlotte Mew poem: "not quite bad and not quite good".

Among the novel's cast of characters are an overwrought painter with four motherless children, a crusader against nuclear energy living in a caravan, a waif-like girl with a fatherless child, the power station's authoritative director and his formidable sister, and a rotten young woman bent on evicting the painter from his makeshift home, activating a libel suit against the nuclear protester and badgering the reluctant director into marrying her. You cannot, of course, in detective fiction, surround yourself with so many hostile forces without succumbing to one of them. Hence the corpse appearing at Adam Dalgliesh's feet.

Devices and Desires is itself plentiful in devices, like the juxtaposing of a ruined Benedictine abbey with the power station on the headland, and the name, "Martyr's Cottage" (commemorating a 16th century Protestant woman burnt at the stake), with its implications for the plot. It even goes in for a measure of self-reflexiveness, referring affectionately at one moment to the detective novels of H R F Keating, in which "death itself [was] only a mystery which would be solved in the final chapter".

P D James, of course, has long eschewed the limitations of genre fiction, while not opting out of the discipline imposed by this particular genre. She takes crime as seriously, and presents it as purposefully, as anyone could wish, but her most recent novels aren't without flaws. Minor characters, for example, are drawn in too much detail, and there are moments of carelessness, as when a person in his late sixties in the late 1980s is said to have had a *grandfather* under 20 during world war one. But she is strikingly good at blurring the distinctions between crime and other fiction, and her new novel shows an increase in agility and power.

In our stars

PROPHECY AND POWER: ASTROLOGY IN EARLY MODERN ENGLAND
Patrick Curry
Polity Press £27.50

Ian Bostridge

Occult beliefs have been given new prominence in recent months, with articles in the newspapers on ritual child abuse, devil worship and the need for new laws to protect society against diabolism. This isn't, obviously, a sign that, along with belief in God, belief in the devil is being taken more seriously. It's simply a recognition of the phantoms lurking in the darker reaches of the human mind.

But there's another piece of occultism which we come into contact with daily, weekly and monthly, a phenomenon whose status in modern society is hard to gauge. Do we believe in astrology? When people pick up a magazine and look at their stars, what are they doing? Some are having a laugh at what they think of as the credulity of others. Those others, as well as some of the giggling sceptics, are looking for something else. It's fair to say that today's practice of astrology is an approachable form of do-it-yourself psychoanalysis. Faced with a description of ourselves and of our dilemmas, we measure it against the reality as we see it, and reach some sort of compromise which contributes towards self-knowledge, or at least the sensation of it.

This is something that was lost to "high" culture, some time in the 17th century, with a host of other supposedly superstitious practices. It took two centuries for the educated to come up with a replacement for astrological analysis, or to recognise the significance of dreams for the exploration of the self. Patrick Curry's new book is an attempt to discover what happened to astrology before and after that 17th century clean-up of elite culture.

The core of his argument is that the political savagery which erupted in the mid-17th century in England, during our last civil war, tainted astrology, as well as a whole number of other more obviously political doctrines, such as republicanism. In their claims to predict the course of future events, populist astrologers were dangerously threatening and usurping the prerogatives of the country's natural rulers, the landed gentry.

Numerous radical and conservative efforts to reform astrology in the years after the Restoration of 1660 failed to re-establish astrology as a safe or credible practice. And Curry's point is that safety and credibility went together. The most recherché aspects of astrological theory —the speculations about cosmic economy or the role of comets—were appropriated by the triumphant natural philosophy presided over by Sir Isaac Newton. The prophets of this aid to divine understanding were to be licensed, authorised, a cadre of experts.

They are still with us. It was only a few years ago that the astronomer and FRS Sir Fred Hoyle was explaining how comets were the heavenly bearers of earth-bound disease. A step below these exalted astronomical intelligences were the few remaining "judicial" astrologers, whose mathematical sophistication and proximity to the magical tradition, made them an unappetising prospect for patrician and plebeian alike.

But Curry's most interesting insights concern the continuing place of astrology in plebeian culture. In a fascinating thesis, which could do with more corroboration, he suggests that popular astrology acted as a form of resistance to the encroaching "rationalism" of capitalism. Specifically, popular astrology, with its emphasis on the natural cycle of the moon and seasons, was directly opposed to the sort of artificial discipline of labour which the new masters wished to impose.

Curry's book is well-documented and based on original research, without being afflicted with the sort of academic pedantry, or antiquarianism, which such subjects often induce. Perhaps he could tell us why China's gerontocracy has just started a crackdown on astrology? The stars retain their capacity to trouble, as well as to amuse.

The uses of learning

PEOPLE OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS: 1, THE BEGINNING
Raymond Williams
Chatto & Windus £13.95
THE POLITICS OF MODERNISM
Raymond Williams (edited by Tony Pinkney)
Verso £8.95 paperback/£24.95 hardback
RAYMOND WILLIAMS: CRITICAL PERSPECTIVES
Terry Eagleton (editor)
Polity Press £9.95 paperback/£29.50 hardback

Philip Dodd

The words of a dead man are modified in the guts of the living, said Auden on the death of Yeats. The same fate has fast overtaken Raymond Williams, who has been claimed by so many parties since his death early last year. For the essayists in *Raymond Williams: critical perspectives*, Williams is, among other things, a socialist delegate from the future, a Welsh intellectual and a contributor to Marxist theory. For the editor of *The Politics of Modernism*, a collection of Williams's essays, some already published, others not, he is principally a cultural theorist who has tried to move beyond modernism and the literary theory which sustains it. For the publisher of *People of the Black Mountains*, the first part of a two-part novel which spans the history of Williams's own birthplace from before the Ice Age up to 1415, his achievement is primarily that of a historian.

Now in one sense the variety of terms in which Williams is hailed is simply testimony to his extraordinary range of interests and ambition. As you read the exhaustive bibliography at the end of *Critical Perspectives*, you wonder how he had time to do anything but write.

But the ease with which parts of Williams are parcelled up and claimed by particular interests may be as much evasion on the part of his admirers as testimony to his achievements—a reluctance to address what gave Williams his voice. And this isn't, to be clear, a plea for the real Raymond Williams to stand up.

What binds together the novel and the theoretical writing can best be seen in the longest and most deeply felt chapter of the novel, "The Coming of the Messenger", which for anyone who knows Williams's work seems particularly personal.

An old man, Dal Mered, hurt on the road, hails Karan, a young boy, and is helped to the boy's settlement. A relationship grows between the two, as the old man reveals his skills of

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measurement, of the seasons and of the time of day, and shows how they can help the boy's settlement increase its crop yield and thus its own chances of survival.

In this chapter Williams works through a number of his insistent concerns, not least the tension between mental and manual labour. Some in the settlement cannot see the skills of the old man as productive, though Williams is at some pains to show that they are real material ones. But what stands out is the recognition of the contradictory possibilities of learning: it can contribute to people's control over their own lives, but it can also become loved for its own sake or, worst of all, used as a tool to sustain power and prestige. Williams has enriched Brecht's view in *The Life of Galileo* that there are only two sorts of knowledge, one that serves the princes and the other which helps to unseat them.

Williams's learning in *People of the Black Mountains* is unequivocally committed to those about whom he writes. To write a history of a place and its people from c23,000 BC to 51 AD is evidence of an extraordinary attachment to them. But the commitment is not merely a matter of content but of form, of trying to find a way in which these stories can be told from a perspective other than the icy, lofty, detached one of the historian/anthropologist. Williams wants not merely to speak *about* these people, but *with* them. It's here that the problems are. For despite Williams's attempt to diminish the gap between narrator's voice and characters' speech by manipulation of syntax, vocabulary and sentence structure, there is a real awkwardness about the shifts from one to the other.

But Williams's unfashionable attachment to a specific people and its history is far from a hymn to a long established organic community. Each chapter, as well as the novel as a whole, insists that change and conflict are generated from within as well as by invaders. Not the least of the salutary injunctions of the novel is that successful invaders quickly see themselves as the settled community who forget, when challenged by new outsiders, that they, too, were once strangers. *People* is a profound recognition that all peoples are heterogeneous, and that historical identity is made and remade through a process of transformation and discontinuity.

Williams's attachment to place and people and his sense of the right use of learning fuels his critical work as much as his fiction, and is perhaps as telling in the best essays in *The Politics of Modernism* as it has ever been. Williams understands the transformations that generated modernism, and produced its celebration of mobility, change and dislocation. But he values them differently from its supporters. He also shows with acuteness how modernism, once a voice of dissent, has become a metropolitan orthodoxy with its own supportive critical industry. At its best, Williams argues, modernism knew only what it was against. *The Politics* and *People* show that Williams knew what he was for—it's that that still divides him from most of his admirers.

Heroic women

WILLA CATHER: A LIFE SAVED UP
Hermione Lee
Virago £12.99

Nicci Gerrard

From the cover of Hermione Lee's sympathetic and illuminating study of Willa Cather, a strangely unsettling photograph of her subject looks out. The monumental figure (Louise Brogan described her as having an "air of permanence") wears a friendly, somewhat fixed smile, but her pale eyes seem to gaze beyond the viewer at a far distance. It is a face that gives nothing away.

Cather resists her pursuers; in spite of the efforts of scholars, the memories of friends, and the recruiting attentions of feminists, her life remains hidden behind her work. She destroyed any remaining letters, and in her will firmly ruled that none of her writing should be dramatised ("no Cather videos, in perpetuity," as Hermione Lee comments). *A Life Saved Up* is framed by the recognition that it is marauding on private territory, one of the trespassers that Cather so anxiously fenced off in her lifetime. But in fact Hermione Lee scrupulously keeps off Willa Cather's hidden emotional life, engaging instead with her fictions. She reproves those who have insisted upon Cather's lesbianism or

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sexual concealment (it is important "not to collapse her imagination into a simple repression") and points out that Cather often works best through indirection, suggestion and "a refusal to be enlisted".

A Life Saved Up uses Cather's life (her childhood in Virginia and then Nebraska, her early career as newspaper journalist and teacher, her painstaking accumulation of her craft and slow growth to fame, her strong female friendships) as an unobtrusive landscape for the heroic and pastoral figures of her imagination: "The journey for Cather must be through her language." Lee beautifully evokes the strength and atmosphere of Willa Cather's novels and the sure touch of her language—her rootedness in the landscapes of her childhood; her disillusion and nostalgia; her anxiety about modernity; her habit of burying "inset stories" in a text, which glimmer with formal richness like medieval illuminations.

Born in 1873, Willa Cather wrote novels and short stories (a selection of the latter, introduced by Hermione Lee, is also published this week by Virago at £9.99) which are best known for their nostalgic celebrations of American pastoral. Certainly, at one level, she is firmly in the established tradition of male American writers, appropriating their formal paradoxes: the resonant oppositions of pioneering energy and "elegiac memorialising", space and confinement, romance and realism, apparently humble simplicity and deliberate craftsmanship, balance almost all of Cather's novels. While Emily Dickinson shut herself into her attic, creating a radical geography of the imagination, Cather condemns most female literature as limited and places herself firmly in the male lineage of space-mastering pioneers (Whitman, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Thoreau, Emerson). The title of her first novel, *Oh Pioneers!*, even echoes the title of Whitman's famous poem.

But Willa Carther also portrays a succession of heroic women, most strikingly Thea Kronborg in *The Song of the Lark* (reprinted by Virago, £6.50). Thea is a Wagnerian opera singer who, born into provincial obscurity in the American west, rises to operatic stardom. *The Song of the Lark* is a personal and revealing novel, though too long and "full-blooded" for Cather's language of memory and disillusion.

In the late twenties, Cather wrote one of her finest novels, *Death Comes to the Archbishop* (also reprinted by Virago, £5.50), a calm triumph out of what Hermione Lee terms her "dark phase". Yet by the thirties she seemed truculently old-fashioned: she sweepingly condemned Freud, Cubism, Pound and Stein, and her nationalism and nostalgia contrast oddly with Nathanael West, Don Passos or Fitzgerald. For many years literary history seemed to have passed her by; she is a footnote in most of the writing which charts the great American tradition. Certainly in Britain her books are not well-read nor her name well-known. Hermione Lee's reading of Cather rediscovers her as a disconcerting, complex writer of conflicting energies and sexual doubleness—a writer, as Hermione Lee says, whose life was "saved up" to make into fictions which she wanted to seem "not stories at all, but life itself".

Scientific fiction

THE ABUNDANT DREAMER
Harold Brodkey
Jonathan Cape £12.95

Sean French

Harold Brodkey has an extraordinary, almost subterranean, reputation among a small group of readers and critics in the United States. This seems strange at first because, though Brodkey must now be in his fifties, his reputation is based on a virtual handful of short stories as well as the rumours about a novel that Brodkey has been working on for many years.

Furthermore, the subject matter of this, Brodkey's second collection of stories, is the standard fare of modern American short fiction, especially that which appears in the *New Yorker*: the love affairs and family relationships of wealthy, East Coast, highly educated, often Jewish people.

Also, like his fellow *New Yorker* contributor, John Updike, Brodkey is little interested in matters of form. There is no writing about writing here, no preoccupation about the artificiality of the fictional form. In an old-fashioned way, Brodkey is using his literary tools to explore reality.

It all seems very traditional but it is Brodkey's very ordinariness that makes these stories so startling. "His Son, in His Arms, in Light, Aloft" consists of nothing but a man's childhood memories of his father. Brodkey's triumph is to use an adult's perception to recapture just what a father seems like to a small boy, the size, the smell, the feel.

Freud used to write that his psychological discoveries had been anticipated by the great artists. Brodkey has taken up this implicit challenge thrown down to writers and he explores the relations between his characters like a scientist of the emotions.

He is extraordinarily perceptive about complex states of mind which he can describe without resolving. "On the Waves", for example, consists of nothing but a single conversation in a gondola between an American tourist and his seven-year-old daughter in which every mean-and impulse seems misunderstood.

The book's title story, "The Abundant Dreamer", is a technical *tour de force*, as a film director on location in Rome plans set-ups while recalling his relationship with his grandmother who has just died. Quite unobtrusively, it becomes a meditation on the imagination. But Brodkey rarely discusses ideas of this kind explicitly. It is significant that the one occasion on which this occurs is in a 30-page story that consists of almost nothing but explicit sexual description. The first-person narrator of "Innocence" writes: "I distrust summaries, any kind of gliding through time, any too great a claim that one is in control of what one recounts; I think someone who claims to understand but who is obviously calm, someone who claims to write with emotion recollected in tranquillity, is a fool and a liar. To understand is to tremble. To recollect is to re-enter and be riven."

To talk of Brodkey as a scientist is not to imply cold detachment. Brodkey might argue that no one believes any more that scientists can separate themselves from what they study. Brodkey's narrators, including on occasion himself, cannot tell stories dispassionately because they cannot step outside the lives of which their story is a part.

Brodkey has all the attention to surface detail of the best short story writers. But he also forces readers to ask troubling questions about what we do when we make stories out of our lives. This is a masterly collection that deserves to find an audience in Britain.

The old devils

LOT'S WIFE
Tom Wakefield
Serpent's Tail £5.95

Janet Barron

The worst thing about institutions, apart from the food, is the remedial "we" of well-meaning officials. "We can't have you moping in your room on a lovely day like this, can we?" coaxes the matron in Tom Wakefield's *Lot's Wife*. Calling a 70 year old a "naughty boy" is enough to make your toes curl up, and the inmates of Restmore Haven are planning an old-devilish rebellion. Henry Checket and Peggy Thurston have proved difficult to "integrate" and don't take kindly to potato printing or Reminiscence Therapy Sessions, so Mrs Fairhurst, who "believed in activities", is trying to shunt them into a home for the mentally incapacitated. The counter-strategy they come up with, in what is developing into a spirited battle, is the proposal that the two of them will get married.

Wakefield's humorous perspective on the humiliations of growing old makes this novel warm, rude and vital. He captures social registers deftly, and his cameo creations let slip liberal *faux pas* which raise a chuckle on every page. Mrs Fairhurst, a professional "carer", goes to see Alisdair McClennon to protest about the marriage and have the couple certified; shocked by her talk of "front line" experiences and "trouble-shooting", the Mental Health Officer decides the OAPs are sane.

Wakefield weaves vivid memories into the present-day machinations, as Peggy and Henry relive their past affairs by projecting role-play on each other. Henry merges with Larry, Peggy's lesbian companion, while she becomes Charlie, his lover from the labour camps under Hirohito; these leftovers from an era when such passions led to prison are superbly and generously presented. Wakefield's characters inhabit the fringe of Thatcherite society, and are presented with an infectious laughter which carries the ideology lightly through a compelling and unsentimental work. This is a very funny, very moving and acutely perceptive book, which I highly recommend.

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Beverley Levy

Imaginings

Goebbels reached for his gun when he heard the word. The party conferences pretend they don't think it matters. Yet culture is the arena—from shopping to theatre to TV—where we make choices, where we feel we have some control over our lives. The NSS asked key critics: "What is your cultural agenda?"

Stephen Bayley

writer and commentator on design

I have always been very taken by that observation that "nine tenths of British 'traditions' have their origin in the second half of the 19th century", the existing parties included.

The distinctions between labour and capital, gentlemen and players, culture and commerce—which are so apparent in parliament—characterise our society. These same distinctions are also the ones that bedevil the creation of a more humane, dignified and prosperous Britain.

The future of Britain depends on a massive redesign of the national psyche, rather than fiddling with manifestoes, if we are not to become a damp and chilly, post-industrial, third-world island of north-European coolies and short-order chefs.

With this in mind several issues would be worth considering in any cultural agenda:

- 100 per cent tax write-offs for research and development programmes.
- Easy access to long-term loans for companies involved in new product development.
- Coordination of research and development by a national, although not state-owned, agency which would harmonise academic and industrial research.
- Radical improvements in the technical standards of the British Standards Institute so that new products were *necessarily* of higher quality.
- New financial legislation to create a climate of investor opinion which was supportive of the long-term needs of industry.
- Scrapping the academic tenure system, but at the same time radically enhancing the conditions and rewards of teachers in higher education.
- Creating a Ministry of Works to stimulate ambitious national projects.

Otherwise, the old joke might come true... the prime minister goes into a coma, but awakes some years on. The first question he asks is: "What is the rate of inflation?" and the answer is zero. Next he asks, "What is the balance of payments?" to which the reply is overwhelmingly positive, sir. "And what about unemployment?" The answer is, again, zero. The last question to be asked is: "What is the price of a gin-and-tonic?" and the answer is 500 yen.

The distressing philistinism, both aesthetic *and* technical, of our politicians is a symptom of our national malaise. For years ministers blamed exchange rates or bolshy workers for lacklustre performance. They failed to grasp the fundamental problem of industry: generally, it made despicably mediocre products.

Civilisations are remembered by their artefacts, not by their PSBRs, chancellors of the exchequer, or their standards of accounting practice. Unless the primacy of *making* things is acknowledged I believe we are lost.

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Stuart Cosgrove
writer and TV presenter

Expecting a political party to have a coherent policy for the arts, culture and social recreation is like asking a rugby club to have an expert opinion on pink mohair jumpers.

It is a sobering fact, but politicians, despite their cosmetic engagement with the environment and the politics of gender, are principally concerned with powerhouse issues like the economy, industrial relations and foreign affairs. The balance of payments crisis is for men: theatre is for jessies.

All the major parties address the arts and culture but only in terms of a self-reflexive narcissism. For the Conservatives the central issue is competition and private sponsorship. For a Labour Party continually dogged by a hostile press, one of the central issues is media accountability, and for the SNP the over-centralisation of arts funding in the rich and pampered south-east of England remains a front-runner. Arts policy in Britain is still an undisguised reflection of a party's economic and social strategies.

But scratch the surface and you soon discover the major parties are in ideological disarray, none of them has a coherent position on the future of ventriloquism, which cuts to the very heart of progressive arts policy. In 1989, there is only one ventriloquist left in Scotland his name is Harry Kidd. Like ship-building and coal-mining, ventriloquism is a dying art.

Behind the ventriloquist lies a more profound problem for arts policy: the politics of popular culture. What happens when a form of culture can no longer support itself because the economic structures that once sustained it are no longer in place? Opera cannot sustain itself economically, it needs huge public support. If it had to rely solely on the income from private sponsors, *The Barber of Seville* would own a clip-joint.

High art forms still enjoy a guarded sanctity while the passions of "popular" culture are invariably left to the ravages of historic chance. The problem is most urgent in Glasgow, soon to become the cultural capital of Europe. Glasgow's most spirited and successful museum is not the over-indulged Burrell Collection but The People's Palace, a three-storey tribute to popular culture which, due to chronic under-funding, is in serious difficulties. The current government could not be expected to sanction support for The People's Palace, much of its exhibits are taken from Glasgow's radical working-class history.

The Labour Party, on the other hand, ought to care. But the socialist-led Glasgow District Council has been half-hearted in its support. Social history, people's culture and the significant ephemera of everyday life have a very low priority in British cultural policy.

In appointing Norman St John Stevas and Lord Gowrie to successive arts ministries, the Conservative Party showed it still cherishes a notion of art as refined taste. Labour, on the other hand, sees art as a form of social humanism, that "creative" something that enriches the general experiences of citizens.

Both draw on very lofty traditions, both place importance on the works of Shakespeare, Shaw and Salman Rushdie. But they wouldn't give Lenny The Lion a second thought. It seems people's culture is only popular when it can fund itself.

Homi K Bhabha
academic and critic

Imagine the in-house journal of the ministry of culture in a National Government for the Defence of the Idea. Endless endpieces by that Yorkshire *ingenue*, Roy Hattersley, on the boyhood pleasures of the parkin; a somewhat soggy "*She*-dunnit!" from Douglas Hurd about a home secretary who almost got reshuffled; yards of patriotic prose culled from exercises in the National Curriculum slickly packaged by Kenneth Baker. Culture in a minor key perhaps, but a useful analogy for the varieties of cultural experience generally acknowledged by the official party culture: culture as populist nostalgia, as entertainment, as patriotic instruction.

This national—often nationalist—perspective casts culture in the role of moral instruction—church, school, family; or as a form of socio-economic instrumentalism—funding, bureaucracy, minority provision, business sponsorship. Culture becomes anomalous: it is the private side of the public sphere; it satisfies the subjective needs of social life; it addresses the individual in order to appeal to a "common" sense.

The function of culture is to render transparent the contradictory political transformations of history and society; to represent social change as cultural continuity. Liberal democratic parties of the right and the left differ in the political histories they refer to; one may appeal to "class", the other to "active citizenship", but both claim that they represent the real, organic development of a British people—and a British culture. Cultural continuism perpetuates a myth of the "people" and "tradition" that is profoundly ethnocentric. Isn't this why the study of history in the national curriculum starts by stressing chronology above all else but ends up making British—no, English—history the canon of cultural value? The study of social change then ignores the cultural changes effected within a society where political values and ethical judgements have been challenged by political movements.

The early women's struggle attempted an alliance between psychoanalysis and Marxism which the left had largely neglected; black diasporic debate draws on forms of cultural identification that have a history in slavery and indentured labour to contest modern urban racism; the Greenham women turned their resistance to nuclear power into a critique of the family. Aids activists have changed the nature and meaning of social "welfare" by producing a new politics of health and illness.

At at time when rights and civic virtue are being debated within left-wing communitarian politics, it is time that the prerogative of culture was voiced. I hope the greening of British political parties right, left and centre—won't produce an unnecessary nature/culture dichotomy.

Paul Morley
writer and TV presenter

Question: At what point during the next few weeks will a politician, any politician, make a speech focusing on, say, the commodity character of art in a capitalist society? This during a debate entitled "Art as a Commodity of the Consciousness Industry". Who will be the first politician to say something like: "What appears to be the decline of culture is its coming to pure self-consciousness"? Who will shock us by making some alert and covert point relating to Warhol, Cage or Angela Carter? Will there be any mention of the truth or distortion that, in order to satisfy demands for cultural events, museum directors more and more have to look to the past? What are the general views towards runaway technology, the boundless dispersal by the media of opinion and knowledge to the point of nonsense, the computer as substitute consciousness and the self-assertion of minority cultures?

What references will there be to the way the advertising industry generates expectations and then lets us down or, worse, fulfils them? What is the position on the way low art (Hollywood movie, TV soaps, bestsellers, the pop charts) floods the consumers with simple positive models which are as abstract as they are unrealistic, while high art's function remains to legitimise bourgeois domination in the cultural reign by intimidating the non-specialist, that is, the majority of a given population? Or is this an out-of-date distinction?

Is Britain currently adrift in an uncritical enthusiasm for camp, pop and the media, similar to America in the sixties? Who will speculate on the accuracy of this, and what levels of apathy and aggression might this lead to? Why does the imagination never come to power?

"We criticise mass culture not because it gives people too much or makes their life too secure, but rather because it contributes to a condition in which people get too little and what they get is bad; a condition in which whole strata inside and out live in frightful poverty, in which people come to terms with injustice, in which the world is kept in a condition where one must expect, on the one hand, gigantic catastrophes and, on the other, clever élites conspiring to bring about a dubious peace." Discuss.

At what point during the next few weeks will a politician tackle details and problems that directly affect us as producers and consumers, as part of a society that apparently wants nothing but happiness? Are our so called new freedoms and choices leading to a loss of individualism, where we all want the same images and rewards? Will any politician point out that what they're saying is just a *mere* point of view, and that politicians have no idea how to suggest which tastes and dispositions constitute freedom?

Answer: No, not at all, never, not relevant, no way. Never.

Question: Why?

Answer: "The imagination never comes to power."

Question: Where does it go?

Answer: Discuss.

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Deanna Petherbridge
artist and critic

It is a curious factor of Thatcherism that the left feels incapable of questioning its dynamic. To do so seems to imply a rigidity, a dangerous lack of forward thinking and strategy and what is preferred is to shape an ideologically acceptable framework to fit the inevitable.

A radical cultural policy for the visual arts needs to redefine the importance of individual creativity and restore confidence in cultural institutions.

Support for the individual artist has been seriously eroded by both the left and the right within the sector of public subsidy, albeit in a debate about the nature of democracy and sharing the misery, and the support of underrepresented areas of cultural production. Increasingly, being an artist is only viable within an organisational framework. Public subsidy goes to pre-planned, pre-budgeted *events* such as performance or installations of publicly sited artworks, rather than to those works which arise out of a private and long-term individual development.

In addition, the validating cultural institutions (such as the museums and art galleries) continue to operate within a very narrow compass, dependent on the exhibitions of a handful of London's successful West End commercial galleries and the patronage of a few critics. In a mirror reflection of Thatcher's Britain, there is an illusion of plenty in the art world, but in fact a hardening of class divisions.

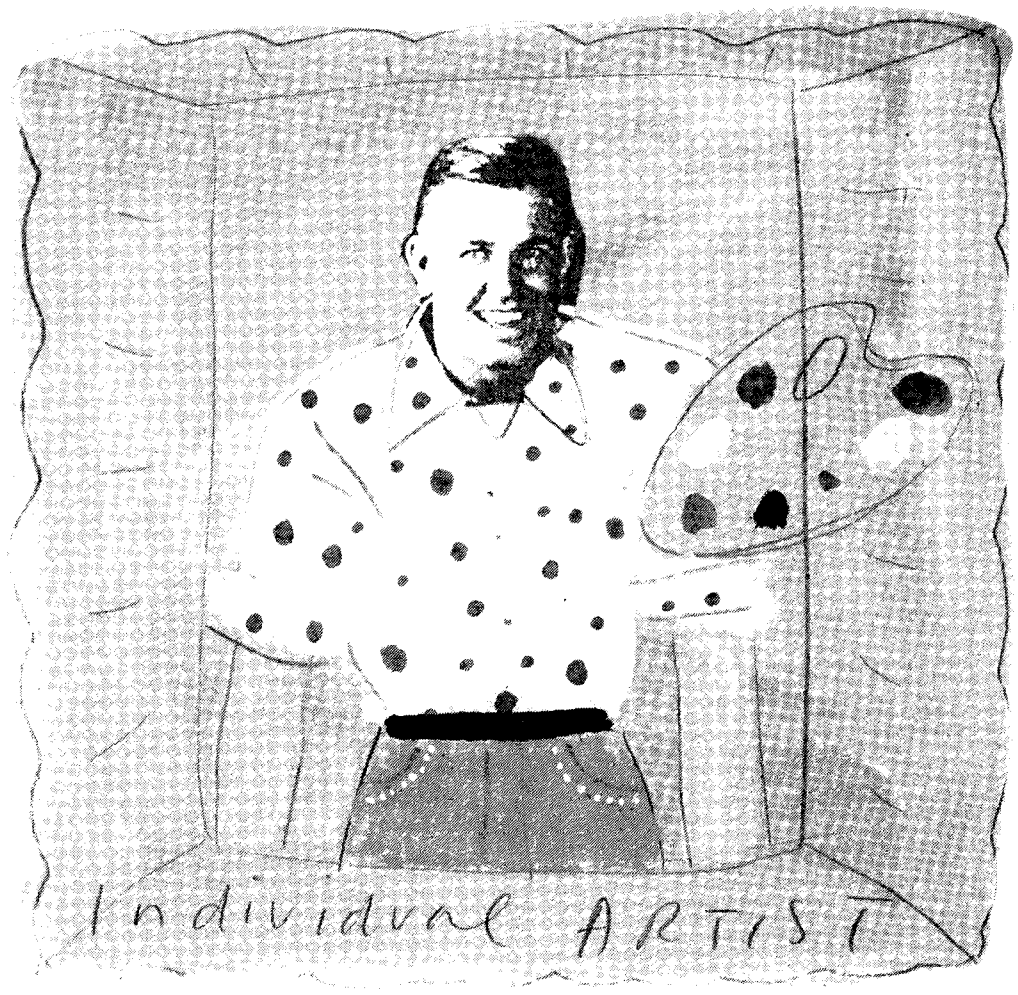
In a future scenario which involves a fully fledged arts ministry and a properly formulated cultural strategy, the individual artist is likely to be even more marginalised. Therefore a reformed Arts Council should be devoted to promoting and protecting the interests of the individual creative artist.

Sponsorship is a major problem for the visual arts. It has already shaped the administrative structure of arts organisations. Unfortunately, business sponsorship of the arts is about creating a company image, not about supporting a healthy cultural life.

If a new Labour Party cultural policy is devoted to the notion of multiple sources of funding, then sponsorship needs to be radically re-assessed as a viable source of funding, with special consideration being given to the question of tax concessions for private donations made to the arts.

The past decade has seen large-scale administrative reform in cultural organisations, but the business model has not necessarily been adapted to suit the specific needs of the arts. The debate over the Victoria and Albert Museum has highlighted the conflict between long-term curatorial policies and short-term managerial reform and the consequent loss of public confidence.

The visual arts world is a very complex set of inter-dependencies, a vast network linking the individual artist, the commerical galleries, the press, the subsidising bodies and the private patrons, the educational matrix and the cultural institutions. The value of art is not simply its commercial value.



Colin McCabe
head of research, BFI

It was Raymond Williams who remarked that the most striking way to differentiate modern industrialised societies from previous periods was to note that people, for the first time in recorded history, spent more time watching fictional representations than they did preparing food.

Perhaps the single most important feature of a cultural agenda as we go into the third millennium is its centrality. We are not talking about activities which are marginal in terms of time or energy but which are daily more central in our economic, political and symbolic life. This importance is not in any way reflected either in the bureaucratic institutions of the state or in the policy agendas of political parties.

This may well be because to think hard about these questions immediately raises and transgresses the boundaries of the nation state. While the feature films of Hollywood and satellite television ignore national boundaries, it is network television which for 25 years now has been a major constituent of national identity.

Such considerations force us to the conclusion that to talk about culture is to talk about the moving image. This is not for a moment to deny the importance of writing, painting and music, but even these traditional forms are now dominated by the moving image in the same way that, after Gutenberg, the printed word came to dominate all other forms of cultural production. It is crucial today that all children learn the rudiments of audiovisual production as automatically as he or she learns to read and write.

There are very powerful forces within our society which would render us nothing but consumers, continually limited in our meanings to the interpretations we can wrest from images produced by others. But there are also powerful forces which enable us to become producers of our own meanings. The technologies of sound and image are both ever more expensive and inaccessible and ever cheaper and more available.

Our cultural development in the next generation will depend on two things. In the first place, whether educational practice will begin to engage with cultural reality. From primary school to postgraduate courses, the present curriculum ignores students' most important cultural experiences. If this changed, there would then be enormous pressure for methods of allocating production resources which are not simply dependent on aggregating the largest number of audiences. It is extraordinary how little political thinking has gone into either of these crucial questions.

In the final analysis, it will be political decisions which will largely determine whether we enter a cultural desert entirely blighted by Murdoch, or a utopia in which every citizen will be an independent producer.

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Network

Fashion

Thatcherstyle

Mrs Thatcher is beginning to look dowdy, says Charlotte du Cann

It seemed that Mrs Thatcher could not have got it better if she had *paid* the designers to dress the eighties. The Iron Lady sailed calmly into office on a new breeze of smug navy-blue conformity.

Her timing was perfect. Her rise to power coincided with the decline of "badly-dressed" liberalism and the fashion for appearing superior and thinking tough, when every magazine and television programme was charting society as if it were an unnavigated sea. Sloane Rangers, New Georgians, *Nouveaux Pauvres*, Foodies: whoever you were, there was some article or handbook telling you where you belonged just by the kind of socks you wore.

The new Torystyle was first inspired by the showing of *Brideshead Revisited* on television and the media obsession with the Princess of Wales. Youth, tired of appearing disaffected in denim, started to flirt with upper-class nostalgia, in wing collars and taffeta.

But it wasn't until the mid-eighties that Torystyle really came into its own, when the yuppy look came over, like many things, via Reaganite America. The yuppy look was unashamedly conspicuous in its consumerism: it made money and work look sexy. It had everyone from the catwalk to the terraces wearing seriously rich city-style tailoring. The business suit that had been outlawed for years as uncool, made a spectacular comeback.

Powerdressing, a strict combination of short sharp skirts, shoulder pads and ruthless haircuts, became *de rigueur* for the working women. Everyone wanted to look as though they had an office to go to, *their* office. Even those who once only wore difficult statements in black by Japanese designers suddenly wanted to look like their mothers, in a simple, direct Chanel suit and high-heels and carrying a handbag.

The key words were grown up and professional. It was a long way from street fashion, even further from punk. Anything that was arty, rebellious or bohemian had been excised very swiftly.

But now the consumer decade is at a close, and suddenly the glam Torystyle that Mrs Thatcher appears to have endorsed has disappeared from the catwalk.

It is now revealed that the true Thatcher style—grassroots conservatism—never suited either of these looks, neither the weary aristocrat nor the smiling banker. Though she may have engendered a decade of fashionable greed and gloss, at heart these are not the party affectations. Thatcherstyle is built from an ethic of honest toil, Victorian values rather than a lost Edwardian empire, thrift rather than glittering profit.

The reason that Mrs Thatcher soared so high was not due to a few flash city boys flaunting labels from Paris, Milan and Tokyo, but because she stood up for those who know that Viyella makes sense, that hats are worn for best and cardigans sported on Saturdays. A middle-of-the-road, middle-class celebration of mediocrity that is as distrustful of fashion and innovation as an old fox. But like the fox it should be cunning enough to realise that it needs a style to sell the product.

And the great British cardigan is not going to help. Particularly as it is now being challenged by a slick and well-dressed Europe. Torystyle was a triumph of timing. But as 1992 looms, it looks as though it might miss the beat.

Eurostyle does not come from a reactionary mould. Eurostyle comes out of the sixties, it is both optimistic and modernist. It does not serve the greedy individual but the free citizen. It believes in the citizen's right, for example, to equal education, new architecture and culture.

Torystyle, on the other hand, comes from the fifties. Its rigour comes from a society ruled by the pettiness of councillors, where everyone knows their place. A super suburbia with a ration-book mentality and philistinic dress code that could have been written by Alan Bennett at his most joyless. We don't enjoy ourselves. We try to look neat. We always wear sensible shoes and never show off. We always appear as if we have bought everything from Marks and Spencer.

The parochialism of Thatcherstyle is rather alien to Eurostyle, whose middle-class mode is more that of the chic city bourgeois. Something Raisa Gorbachev realises rather better than Mrs Thatcher, and Ted Heath even more (only he had the misfortune to have realised it in the wrong decade).

The Labour Party realises it, but can't get its rhetoric to fit. There is a kind of wistful thinking that if only its candidates would dress like the Italian Communists, they would be perfectly set for 1992 and all that. This is, however, rather like wishing that British football could be like Italian football. It can't.

But it is the generation that has nothing to do with the mealy-mouthed fifties that understands Eurostyle best of all. The generation that grew up in the consumer choice decade, that has always worn Italian casualwear, spent its youth in French-style wine bars and on Greek beaches, that has driven German cars and danced to the Balearic beat. It is a generation that is quite happy being part of the good-time Europe, and will not thank the government for spoiling its chances.

Torystyle is not matching up to the Community. Its deliberate belligerence is looking uncomfortably out of step. Old-fashioned Torystyle would have got away with it by appearing aristocratic and eccentric (a characteristic that the Europeans still very much admire in the British). But there is nothing eccentric or charming about Mrs Thatcher sailing into battle at Brussels in full mayoral rig.

Mrs Thatcher had better watch out. She is beginning to look dowdy.

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Art

A bit much

Amanda Sebestyen on surrealism and femininity

Like other rebel subcultures the surrealists offered women a new place, both freer and more restricted than in the mainstream. Surrealist theory elevated the "feminine" unconscious and the spontaneous. But woman featured as muse not maker of art, and (like the superficially so-different Victorians) the surrealists found their ideal in the *femme-enfant*.

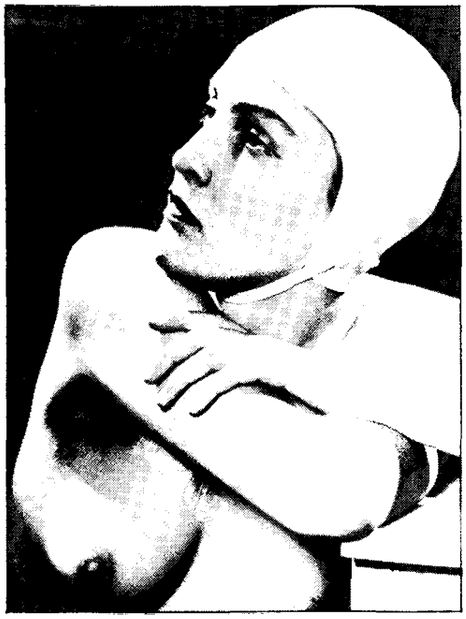
At 20, **Meret Oppenheim** became that ideal. "Her uninhibited behaviour and inventive grace made her the perfect example, both in her life and her art, of the surrealist woman." Forty years later she herself described the position rather differently: "As I see it, men have projected their inherent femininity, as a quality of inferior ilk, on to women. For women this entails living not only their own femininity but that projected on to them by men as well. They have to be women to the second power. Now that really is a bit much."

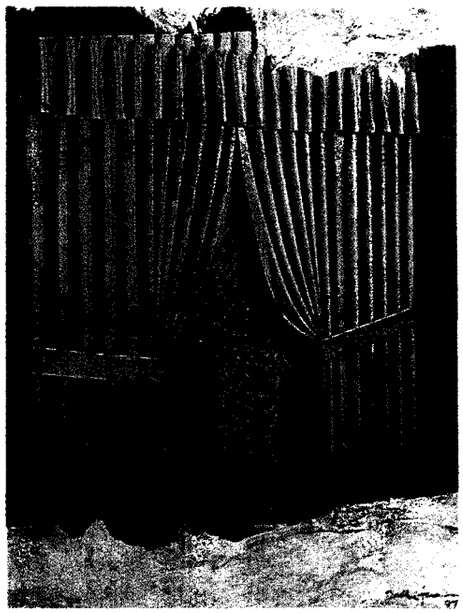
A bit much indeed. In 1936 her fur-lined teacup was placed alongside Duchamp's Urinal as the surrealist art object, following the huge success of the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition "Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism". A tidal wave of publicity coincided with an abrupt end to Oppenheim's artistic life—the Nazis had closed her father's medical practice and there was no more money to support her in Paris. A crisis of confidence followed, lasting 18 years, but resulting in the unusually concentrated and varied body of work.

Hers is often a fierce and cannibal vision, from the bound high-heeled shoes served on a dish and named after her nanny, to the feast served on a woman's body which marked Oppenheim's return to the international art world in 1959. She distanced herself from the surrealists, finding them full of jargon. By the sixties she was satirising her own satire (as well as the Warhol-led vogue for multiples), producing cases—full of fur teacups, and souvenir versions with rhinestone frames. Yet she seems to have cherished an ideal of womanhood not so far from her suffragette grandmother's looking forward to a time "when nature has stopped being treated as the enemy of man, when the battle of the sexes has become an unknown".

The bird-shape of Max Ernst, who was once in love with Oppenheim, seems to be hovering over London just now. **Dorothea Tanning**, self-taught surrealist of famously perfect technique and married to Ernst for 34 years, is in Bond Street for her show of late work.

She was born in 1910 to an evangelical family in a small mid-western town called Galesburg, Illinois. She didn't fit: "Ever since I was very small I wanted to be an artist and live in Paris, France." She had reached New York by 1936, living on hamburgers and kale, when the surrealist exhibition arrived. "That's when I realised I was not a maverick, a pariah; that I was doing something other people were doing, and that I had a place."





Man Ray's photo of Meret Oppenheim, 1933 (top); Dorothea Tanning's "The Last Act", 1987 (middle) and her famous "Maternity", 1946

Like Warhol 20 years later, Tanning began in commercial art. The sharp graphic details give a satiric edge even to her latest watercolours, recollections of a bicycle crash she witnessed ten years ago. Off to the side of the bloody tangles are profiles of hatted passers by, and a shopping bag that spills small bodies instead of groceries. More typical of her style are the shape-changing *Fiesta* and *Rehearsal*, where beasts and imps, women and men, caverns and grottos shade and intertwine. Then there are gothic collages where her own palm, wielding scissors or bound with string, hovers among sunset Arizona dunes or locked castles made from wispy scraps.

The form of things to come was clear in one of Tanning's very first pictures, a self-portrait made while she was still working for Macy's department store. With an echo of Cretan priestesses, her ruffled costume opens to reveal the breasts while her long skirt grows feelers of vine.

In 1942, Peggy Guggenheim decided to hold the first all-woman exhibition, at her pioneering Art Of This Century gallery. Ernst, then married to Guggenheim who had helped him escape from France, was "sent around to see all these ladies and their work..."

"Max saw that picture when he came to my house. He said that he never wanted me to sell it, and I never have. It was *our* picture. It's Max who titled it; he said, "You can call it *Birthday*—just like that! And it was like a new birthday, a new life beginning."

Ernst and Dorothea Tanning stayed together, painting alongside each other until his death in 1976. Her work has remained entirely different from Ernst's though critics have always tried to trace his influence.

One year into her childless marriage, Tanning produced from imagination her most famous picture. In *Maternity*, a lone mother and baby face doors into nothing but a yellow desert. It's an image of extreme isolation which feminists have valued enormously. Tanning does not return the compliment, writing of the women's movement's fixation with "our biological morass" and "our mouse fate".

In 1986 *Birthday* became the title of Dorothea Tanning's autobiography. The years of marriage are covered in some detail: the houses built in Arizona and (after McCarthyism) France, the friends and conversations, the life of the shared studio, without once talking about her own art. It is only after Ernst's death and the writer's return to New York four years later, that we see her confront her work in print.

The spooky and the sexual appear in plenty in the current show. In a small alcove glimmers a luminous oil: *Woman Artist, Nude Standing*. With its shimmering lines it could be any size or any shape. The watchful shaded eyes might be any age. I wondered if this might be another self portrait? The artist laughed. "Oh no—I was never quite as voluptuous as that." Later I heard that she'd told the gallery owner the

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picture was called *Self Portrait*.

For me there is always this difficult tension between subject and object in the work of the women surrealists.

One anecdote sums it up. When Oppenheim had reached her shamanistic seventies, her swooping features enhanced by cropped hair, "barbaric" jewellery and face paint, she would still refer interviewers to the photographs Man Ray had taken of her 20-year-old body compressed and fetishised by printing machinery. It seems she kept her privacy by offering herself as naked mechanical muse.

"Meret Oppenheim 1923-1983" will be at the ICA, The Mall, from 13 October to 3 December.
"Between Lives" by Dorothea Tanning is at Runkel-Hue Williams gallery, 6 Old Bond Street, until 13 October.

A hero's funeral for Kevin Deakin in "Resurrected"

Cinema

Made for TV

Suzanne Moore on memories of the Falklands war

I'm waiting for the day my daughter asks me, "What did you do in the war, mummy?" when they teach her about the great Falklands war at school. Because the Falklands, as one of the edited highlights of recent history, has no doubt made its way into the National Curriculum. And what will I say? That, no, I wasn't at the quayside waving a Union Jack as our boys set sail to the strains of an old Rod Stewart record.

No, in fact, when I heard the news I thought it was a belated April fool. Then the joke turned sour. Argentinians suddenly became slimy spics who deserved whatever they got. People wore silly red, white and blue hats and started liking Margaret Thatcher again. Perfectly normal pubs everywhere were renamed "The Falkland Arms". What did I do in the war? I felt sick.

Thank God all that was a long time ago. How long? Five years, ten years, two years? It is funny how recent history dissolves so easily. All I know is that things have never been the same since. I can just about remember a time before the Falklands, the riots the year before, the sense of things going badly wrong. Then wham, bam, a little made-to-measure, do-it-yourself war and there was just flatness, an acceptance of the inevitablity of being driven into the ground. One pathetic, cheap little war was won but something indefinable was lost.

Actually it was seven years ago. It's all there in the history books: the facts, the figures, everything but the feelings. It is only now that they are resurfacing. **Resurrected**, a film by Paul Greengrass, former *World in Action* producer and co-writer of *Spycatcher*, deals with the aftermath of the Falklands through its effects on one individual. Martin Stellman's powerful *For Queen and Country* also featured a Falklands hero returning to his home.

We've seen a similar gap between the Vietnam war and its re-examination through films and fiction. It's as though a war takes a good few years to mature, until it can be brought out and made palatable again. The bitterness of *Resurrected* is therefore admirable. Greengrass hammers home the point that the Falklands was a largely pointless war—that there was little worthy or heroic about it and that many of the young soldiers who went to fight were just clueless kids like soldiers everywhere.

One of them, Kevin Deakin, stumbles off during a bloody and horrific battle near Bluff Cove. He is missing, presumed dead and given a hero's funeral back home. When he reappears seven weeks later at an isolated Falklands farmhouse, claiming to have lost his memory, things become even more difficult. He is welcomed back to his village as a war hero, but the tabloids soon start raising the question of whether he was a deserter.

His life has already been wrecked by the war. His relationship with his girlfriend is falling apart. He is disturbed by visions of the horrors of war, of seeing the shattered and bleeding bodies of his friends. To make things worse, his return to army life is made unbearable by bullying. His fellow soldiers feel he was a coward and torture him with "a regimental bath".

Kevin says he is neither a deserter nor a hero, but the simplified dualistic language of war makes that impossible to understand. As he is being beaten up, the thugs in uniform want him to admit he was scared, as though fear is an offence in itself. Their hardness, their machismo, derives from such a deep repression of fear that Kevin's visible fear is both despicable and threatening to them. The violence that comes out of denial is always the most sadistic, and in the army where institutionalised violence is the norm, the most brutal is possible.

Resurrected is a hard little film itself. It offers no light relief. But it stands up against the myth that the Falklands was a necessary short, sharp shock. It's true that, unlike Vietnam, it didn't drag on long enough to exhaust its media potential and become unpopular. The Falklands after all was a made-for-TV war. Unlike the conflict in Ireland, it lasted just long enough to keep our attention. Just long enough to stop us switching to the other side.

Theatre

Poetic politics

Douglas Kennedy talks to playwright Frank McGuinness

On a February night in 1985, the audience at Dublin's Peacock Theatre did something that audiences in the hyper-critical world of the Irish theatre rarely do—they jumped to their feet and roared "author!" as the curtain came down on the first night of Frank McGuinness's *Observe the Sons of Ulster Marching Towards the Somme*. This was not simply recognition that *Sons of Ulster* was a remarkable new play, but also that a major new voice had emerged in the Irish theatre.

Since then, the 36-year-old McGuinness has consolidated his reputation as the leading Irish dramatist of his generation. His output has also been prolific: there have been verbally charged, highly imagistic stage plays such as *Innocence* (Gate Theatre, Dublin) and *Carthaginians*; versions of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* and *Peer Gynt*; not to mention two television plays for the BBC—*Scout* and *The HenHouse*. His new stage play, **Mary and Lizzie** (now in repertory at the RSC's Pit) is a wildly imaginative journey across 19th-century Ireland and England in the company of the two Irishwomen who lived with Friedrich Engels, and who—in McGuinness's words—"showed him the condition of the working class".

Are Mary and Lizzie actual historical figures?

I first came across them in Edmund Wilson's book, *To the Finland Station*, when Wilson mentioned that Engels lived with two Irish women, Mary and Lizzie Burns. I've taken great liberties with even the very few facts that are known about their lives because, for me, they are the voice of the voiceless. The unknown made known. They were working women, and I've also made them "wise women", and this is coming from the Irish tradition of the wise woman who had gifts of healing, of prophesy, who was very closely

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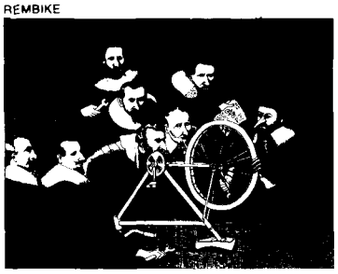

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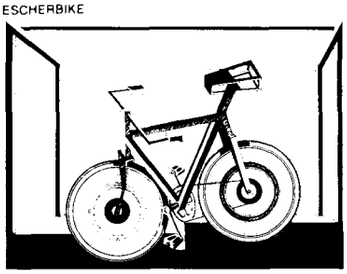

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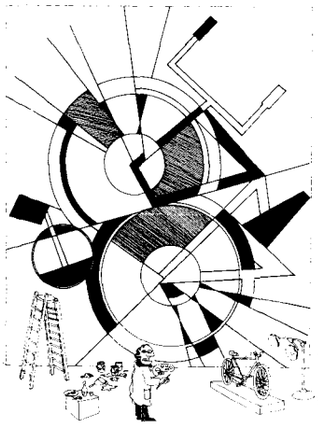

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affiliated to the world of poetry and who was in a very powerful position within her society. Mary and Lizzie are these kind of women. They are magical as much as material.

Why Engels? Did you intend a definite political angle?

I certainly did. I think Engels loved Mary and Lizzie (unlike Marx, who didn't love them at all). I've tried to show that Mary and Lizzie have this power of language, this power of listening and they can work these extraordinary events. Engels, in writing about the condition of the working class, absented himself linguistically from the experience of those he was writing about. And consequently he comes out with the most racist statements imaginable about the Irish and the condition of the working class. Even though it's clear he was a deeply compassionate and sympathetic man, his philosophical background allowed him to betray the love of Mary and Lizzie in the writing of the book (*The Conditions of the Working Class in England*). And—this is my invention—when they do actually hear what he's written about their people, and all that the people have endured... that's the death of their love for him.

Were Mary and Lizzie actually in a *ménage à trois* with Engels?

It was very much a *ménage à trois* and quite an open one at that.

That was very modern for its time.

It *was* very modern. Then again, Engels and Marx did argue for the abolition of marriage, and Engels lived up to his principles in that respect (though Marx didn't).

The diverse elements of the play make it sound very much like a work rooted in magic realism.

That's exactly the tradition I'm working in. I think the most important literary innovations in the last 20 years have been in the novel, and the theatre has got to catch up with the novel in many ways. I'm trying to find a theatrical language for something like the magical realism of the South American writers.

You once said that the most important dramatic form that any Irish writer can work is "lyric drama". Why do you feel that?

You can define Irish theatre as "poetic". But that definition is only good for as long as you remember that the poetical theatre in Ireland has always been political. You cannot separate poetry from politics in Ireland in the way that you can in England.

Would you say yours are "state of Ireland" plays?

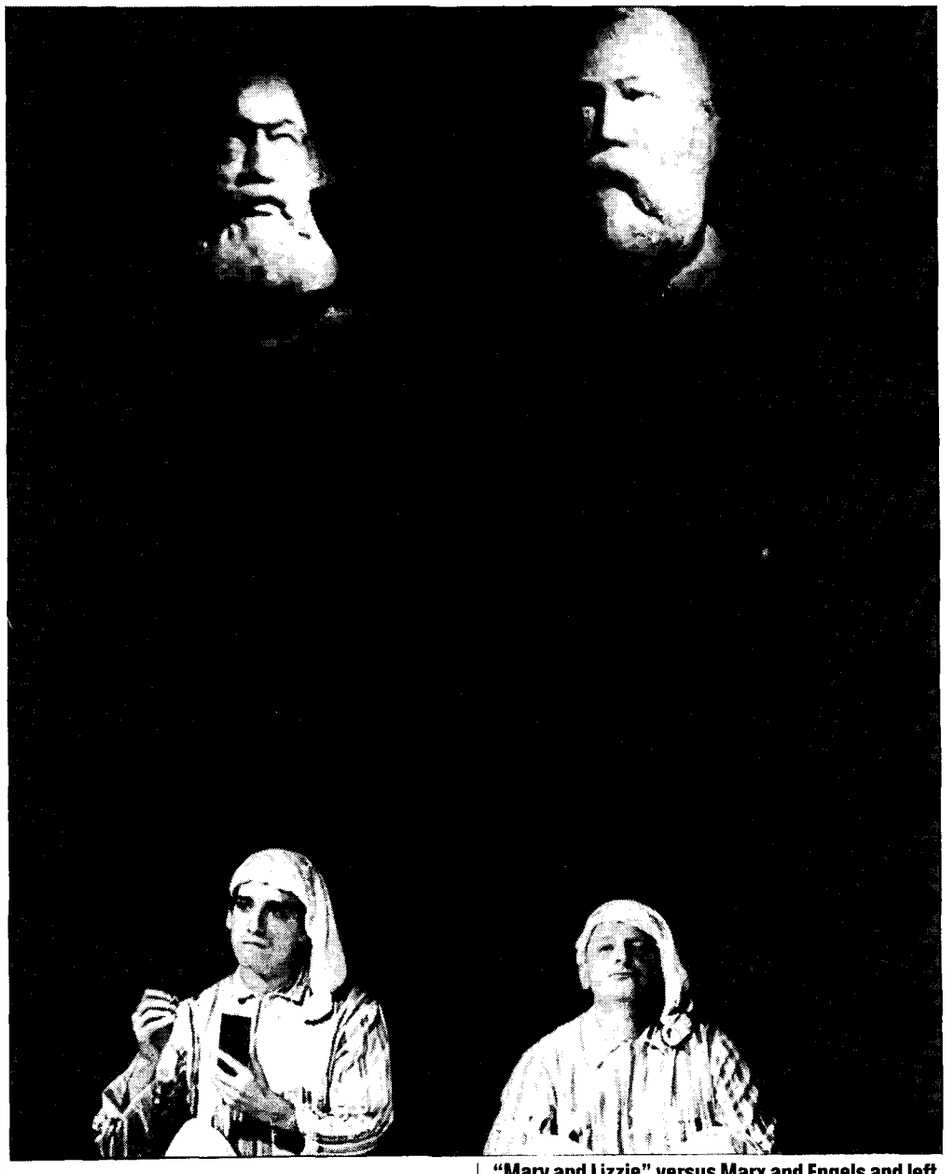
I wouldn't use that expression. I can't write a state of Ireland play because I don't know what Ireland is. Maybe through the writing I'm trying to find out. But I'd be secure about starting a play and saying: "Here is a play about Ireland".

Do you think any Irish writer knows what Ireland is?

We're all still learning.

Does all your writing refer back to the divisions within Ireland?

Well, why shouldn't it? It's an obsessive theme actually. I mean, I'm Irish. I cannot disguise it, and I don't want to. And I feel that Ireland is always in urgent need of explaining itself to itself. This is the kind of interior battle that I want to examine.



"Mary and Lizzie" versus Marx and Engels and left, Frank McGuinness

But the other interesting thing about Ireland is that plays still matter there.

They do—and again that's due to the political content of the poetry inside the plays. You cannot get away from it in Ireland because we are constantly in the process of defining ourselves. And inevitably that process of definition will involve the theatre.

To many English eyes an Irish play is always looked upon as having to be about the troubles, and supposedly has to have guys in balaclava helmets running around the stage. Do you think that cliché about Irish plays still exists in England today?

Absolutely. I did a parody of that sort of play in *Carthaginians*, and a lot of audiences took it seriously. That was very illuminating.

It's dangerous to generalise, but I do think that over the past 20 years the major writing has been about the division.

When asked if he was a Catholic writer, Graham Greene replied, "No, I'm a writer who happens to be a Catholic". Are you a Catholic writer?

I'm a writer who happens to be an Irishman.

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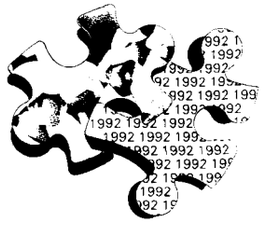

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Tuesday 10 October - HELP YOURSELF TO LONDON

We're relaunching our booklet, Help Yourself to London, which is a comprehensive guide to London for pensioners. Scotty Raymond and Mary Chapman, two pensioners from South London, are out on the town sampling some of the activities which we recommend in the booklet.

For a free copy write to: Help Yourself to London, Thames Help!, PO Box 11, London NW1 3HZ.

Wednesday 11 October - FIT AFTER FIFTY

We visit a sports club in Ilford where older people are taking part in a range of sporting activities, some strenuous, some leisurely. There's something for everyone, and Age Concern's Age Well Project are keen to coax older people away from their armchairs and into the clubs.

Our booklet, Help Yourself to London, is full of information about sport and how you can get involved. Write to the address above for a free copy.

Thursday 12 October - ACTIVE SENIOR CITIZENSHIP

Lilian Isbill is involved in so many voluntary activities that she barely has a moment to herself. Lilian is one of a growing army of older volunteers who are making a vital contribution to their communities. If you are over fifty and you would like to become a volunteer give us a ring on 01-388 8282 on the night, or write to

Retired and Senior Volunteer Programme, CSV, 237 Pentonville Road, London N1 9NJ.

THAMES TELEVISION XXI

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

HARMOOD Community Centre in Kentish Town, NW1, has a varied programme of leisure, sports and educational activities for local residents, and is urgently seeking a volunteer fundraiser, full time or part-time. We are a registered charity. Please contact Anneke on 01 485 9850.

WOMEN'S ENVIRONMENTAL Network needs enthusiastic volunteers! We urgently need help in our friendly, busy office with admin-type work during the day, and/or with public meetings and exhibitions on the occasional evening. Call Francesca on 01 490 2511 for more details.

REUNITE: National Council for Abducted Children provides advice and support to parents whose children have been abducted abroad. We urgently need a volunteer to take over responsiblity for raising the funds we need to operate. If you would like to help, contact Lucy Jaffe, PO Box 158, London N4 1AU. Tel. 219-6665.

CHARITY working with Overseas Students requires a volunteer to work in Finance and Admin. Department. A lively environment and interesting work. Basic bookkeeping and keyboard skills useful but training provided as appropriate. Hrs to suit, expenses paid. For further details contact Anita or Martyn on 229 9268.

CONNEXIONS – Independent arts project in Haringey, set up to enable people with disabilites to participate in arts activities, need volunteers for both one-off and ongoing events. Coming up is the 3rd Connexions project (ongoing). We need volunteers to escort, assist workshop leaders etc. Please contact Jan Rubidge/ Kiki Gale at Connexions, 340 The Broadway, London N10 1DJ Tel: 01 883 8598.

F.L.A.T. (Facility for Living and Assessment Together) requires Community Project Assistants. The F.L.A.T. Project trains and assesses people who have learning difficulties (mental handicap) to live more independently in the commmunity. Hours: 35 p/w and a personal allowance of £154.76 p/m free accommmodation and bills, excluding personal tel. calls. Interested? Contact F.L.A.T. on 01 403 1542.

HAVE YOU A FEW spare hours per week? Could you become a volunteer tutor, helping Southwark Probation Service clients improve their literacy skills? A new training course starts in Nov. Open meeting for all those interested at 2 pm on Thursday Oct. 5th at Summer House, Summer Rd, Peckham, London SE15. Further details from the Solo project, 01-252 8022.

RELEASE legal & drugs agency, needs volunteers for its 24 hour helpline. On Wednesday 4th Oct. 7 pm at the Release office an introductory evening is being held to explain the nature of the work. If you are interested but unable to attend, or want more details contact Catherine Phillips, 169 Commercial St; London E1 6BW. Tel: 01-377 5905.

HOWARD LEAGUE for Penal Reform urgently needs volunteers to help out with our work towards a fairer, more humane criminal justice system. You will be able to develop skills, and hopefully have some fun, in a friendly and busy office (based in SE11). Travel expenses (local) paid. Please phone Sean Roberts 01 735 3317 if you are interested.

WOMEN'S Organisation seeks volunteers to help with: organising a Conference, fund-raising, newsletter and mailings, maintaining an archive of press cuttings etc. Women Against Sexual Harassment is a voluntary organisation based in Central London which advises and supports women who are experiencing sexual harassment at work. Please contact Valerie Mainstone 01 833 0222.

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Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set – Monday noon
Lineage – Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork – Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Chris Gallagher (Deputy Classified Manager)
Michael Breen (Sales Executive)
Dominique Wright (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Dawn King (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

NORTH WEST HERTFORDSHIRE HEALTH AUTHORITY

Department of Public Health

HEALTH PROMOTION UNIT

The Crescent is an established HIV/AIDS Centre, providing information, training, and emotional support to people concerned about or with HIV/AIDS. We are currently looking for the following people:

HIV/AIDS TRAINING OFFICER

The person for this post should ideally have experience in the HIV/AIDS field. You will be expected to make a major contribution to the planning and delivery of a variety of training programmes to local industry and the community. You will be committed to participatory techniques of training focussing on personal development and decision making skills.

Salary: A & C Grade 6, £11,962 to £13,994

VOLUNTEER ORGANISER

We are looking for someone to undertake the organisation and leadership of the existing volunteers, who are involved in "Buddying," fund raising and manning of the Helpline. You will also be expected to take part in the ongoing HIV/AIDS training programmes.

This is an exciting opportunity to join a caring, forward-looking team.

Salary: A & C Grade 6, £11,962 to £13,994

COUNSELLOR

We are looking for a credited BAC/CNAA approved counsellor to carry out on-going psycho-dynamic counselling with HIV positive clients and PWAS, their relatives, lovers and friends. The person will also give support to two existing Buddies groups. Case work supervision is available. This is initially a part-time post (15 hours), it can be offered on a sessional basis, some evening work is required.

Salary: A & C Grade 6, £11,962 to £13,994 pro rata

Informal inquiries for any of the previous posts welcomed by Kathy Smith, telephone St Albans 42532 or Christopher J Hayes, telephone St Albans 66122, extension 801.
Application forms and job descriptions obtainable from Sue Arnold, Headquarters Personnel Officer, 99 Waverley Road, St Albans 66122, extension 793. Closing date: 18.10.89.

Committed to equal opportunities in employment.

We encourage and promote a non-smoking environment

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF SINGAPORE
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL WORK AND PSYCHOLOGY

Applications are invited for teaching appointments in the Department of Social Work and Psychology.

Social Work

Applicants should possess a PhD degree in Social Work and teaching experience, particularly in either group work theory and practice or community development. Additional experience in one or more of the following areas will be an advantage:

Design and Application of Group Therapy
Direct Fieldwork Practicum
Family Social Work and Family Therapy
Interpersonal Practice
Programme Monitoring and Evaluation

Psychology

Applicants should possess a PhD degree in Psychology. Teaching experience at University level is required. Applicants should have specialised experience equipping them to teach in one or more of the following areas:

Cognitive Psychology
Health Psychology
Industrial Psychology
Occupational Psychology
Physiological Psychology
The use of Statistical Methods in Psychology

Experience in one or more of the following will be an additional advantage:

Applications of psychology
On-line use of computers in teaching psychology

Besides appointments on normal three-year contracts, visiting appointments for one or two years will also be considered.

Gross annual emoluments range as follows:

Lecturer	**$50,390 – 64,200**
Senior Lecturer	**S$58,680 – 100,310**
	(STG£1.00 = $3.07 approximately)

The commencing salary will depend on the candidate's qualifications, experience and the level of appointment offered.

Leave and medical benefits will be provided. Depending on the type of contract offered, other benefits may include: provident fund benefits or an end-of-contract gratuity, a settling-in allowance of S$1,000 or S$2,000, subsidised housing at nominal rentals ranging from S$100 to S$216 p.m., education allowance for up to three children subject to a maximum of S£10,000 per annum per child, passage assistance and baggage allowance for the transportation of personal effects to Singapore. Staff members may undertake consultation work, subject to the approval of the University, and retain consultation fees up to a maximum of 60% of their gross annyal emoluments in a calendar year.

The Department of Social Work and Psychology is a department in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences. There are 8 faculties in the National University of Singapore with a current student enrolement of some 14,000. All departments are well-equipped with a wide range of facilities for teaching and research.

All academic staff have access to the following computer and telecommunication resources: an individual microcomputer (an IBM AT-computer or Apple Macintosh); an IBM mainframe computer with 16 MIPS of computing power; and NEC SX supercomputer with 650 MFLOPS of computing power; departmental laser printers; a wide spectrum of mainframe and microcomputer software; voice-mail; BITNET to access academic institutions world-wide. In addition, a proposed campus network based on state-of-the-art optical fibre technology will be installed by 1990 to facilitate resource sharing and electronic communication for the academic community.

Application forms and further information on terms and conditions of service may be obtained from:

The Director
Personnel Department
National University of Singapore
10 Kent Ridge Crescent
Singapore 0511

NUS Overseas Office
Singapore High Commission
in London
5 Chesham Street
London SW1, U.K.
Tel: (01) 235-4562

Enquiries may also be sent through BITNET to: **PERSDEPT at NUSVM**, or through **Telefax: (65) 7783948.**

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Post coupon to:
Classified Department,
New Statesman & Society,
Freepost, London, E2 8BR

OUT OF SCHOOL

Out of School is the only national voluntary organisation promoting and supporting out of school care and play provision for school-age children before and after school and in school holidays. We wish to make the following appointment:-

Development & Information Officer
Salary: £14,544 inclusive

This is a new post in a rapidly expanding organisation. The person appointed will have enormous scope to help develop a national network of out of school schemes in a variety of settings with a diverse range of funding. This will involve advising parents and others wishing to establish schemes by phone and on site, writing information leaflets and pamphlets, facilitating training for management committees and workers, maintaining records of out of school schemes.

Applicants will be expected to have experience in the playcare field preferably as a manager of a playcare scheme and have proven ability in the collection and dissemination of information to different audiences. Experience of development work in play care, or a similar field, would be very useful.

Out of School is working towards being an equal opportunites employer.

Closing date: Monday, 23rd October 1989.

Application form and further information from: Out of School, Oxford House, Derbyshire Street, Bethnal Green Road, London, E2 6HG. Tel: 01-739 4787.

MUSICIANS' UNION
Vacancy for Full-Time Official – East/Part North East District Organiser

This post will be based at Peterborough and covers the Union's Branches in the East District and approximately half of those in the North East District. It involves developing a major Union Branch in Cambridgeshire and carrying out other trade union duties including the provision of services to members, preparing and conducting negotiations and liaising with other unions.

Applications should possess a good knowledge of the music profession and the trade union movement.

The present salary for the post is £16,500. A non-contributory pension scheme is in operation and access is provided to a Union car.

Some assistance may be given with removal costs if necessary. Persons interested should write for an application form to the General Secretary before the end of October 1989.

John Morton, General Secretary, Musicians' Union, 60/62 Clapham Road, London SW9 OJJ.

Waltham Forest MENCAP
VOLUNTARY SERVICES ORGANISER

Scale 6 £10,743 - £11,475 plus LW £837 (pay award pending)

Responsible for recruitment, training and support of volunteers in their role of helping people with learning difficulties and their families enjoy a happy and full life.

Organisation and communication skills and a positive attitude towards care in the community essential.

For further details send large sae to: Information Officer, Waltham Forest MENCAP Centre, 1a Matlock Road, Leyton, London E10 6BN.

PLEASE MENTION NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISEMENTS

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Victim Support

WELSH DEVELOPMENT OFFICER
£15,000 - £16,000
according to experience / qualifications

Victim Support provides a comprehensive service to victims of crime, through 300 member Schemes.

This is a new post, funded by the Home Office for two years, based in Cardiff.

The postholder will be a member of the National Office staff; local support and supervision will be provided. S/he will have a key role in promoting and maintaining high standards of service delivery, and contributing to the further development of Victim Support in Wales.

Victim Support is working to become an Equal Opportunities employer.

For further details and application forms, please write or telephone:

Cranmer House
39 Brixton Road, London, SW9 6DZ.

Telephone: 01 735-9166

Closing Date: Monday 6 November 1989.

Centre for Public Choice Studies

UEA NORWICH

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE

Applications are invited for a one-year full-time Research Associate commencing October 1989 to assist Paul Bellaby and Mildred Blaxter in the development of a Health and Public Choice research programme in the East Anglia region, based in the University's Centre for Public Choice Studies. Specifically, the successful applicant will undertake exploratory research on

(a) risk cultures and road behaviour
(b) closed head injury in the context of life course with a view to securing continuing, external funding.

Preference will be given to good honours graduates in Sociology or Social Anthropology with a relevant higher degree and research experience. Salary on Research and Analogous 1A £10,458 - £16,665 with appointment likely to be within points 1 - 4.

Applications by letter including a full curriculum vitae with exact date of birth and the names of two referees who can be approached immediately, should be submitted by 20 October 1989 to Dr. P.Bellaby, School of Economic and Social Studies, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON BOROUGHS GRANTS UNIT

Funding Development Officer
P/T (18 hrs per week)
£7747 – £8323 inc per annum

The London Boroughs Grants Scheme provides grants to a wide variety of voluntary organisations administered through its Unit. In 1989/90 this amounted to an overall expenditure level of £28.63 million.

We seek some one to promote the work of the Scheme and assist voluntary organisations throughout London to obtain funds from grant making trusts and private sector sponsors.

To do this you will posess a knowledge of, and empathy with, the voluntary sector in London as well as an understanding of the funding arrangements. You will have the ability to deal constructively and patiently with all levels of people and organisations as the Schemes representative to grant making trusts and other funders. Experience of developing financial strategies preferably with voluntary organisations is also essential.

The successful applicant will be able to work on their own initiative exhibiting good communication skills as well as being creative, imaginative and persuasive in their approach to the work.

The office where you will be based is located adjacent to Twickenham B. R. station and is ideally served by all public transport. The London Borough of Richmond Upon Thames acts as "lead borough" and employer of all staff allocated to the Unit.

For an information pack which includes job description and application form please contact the Head of Administrative and Finance, London Boroughs Grants Unit, Regal House (5th Floor), London Road, Twickenham TW1 3QS (01 891 5021 - ansaphone outside normal office hours).

The job is open to job sharers Ref No: GR/11

Closing date for the receipt of applications is: Friday 27th October 1989.

LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES

an equal opportunity employer

STANDBY STAFF

SOCIAL WORKERS

- Excellent Rates
- Flexibility
- Holiday Pay
- Phone Julia Kwest

01-377 5789

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

01-739 1645

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

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RSA

The Royal Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures & Commerce

JOIN THE TEAM AT THE RSA

The RSA is looking for a lively self-starter to work as one of a small friendly team on its Education for Capability campaign. We have two project directors in the Higher Education project, working largely outside the office; your job will be to keep tabs on them, organise their diaries and get them to the trains on time. Meanwhile, back at the office you will also be setting up and maintaining a new database, handling telephone enquiries about the campaign, providing administrative back-up for conferences, seminars and meetings, and working with others to keep the office ship-shape.

Good typing essential; word-processing experience an advantage.

Appointment is initially for one year, with possibility of extension for at least a further year, or there may be opportunities to transfer within this unusual and developing organisation.

Salary £9,700 plus LVs, 25 days annual leave.

For job description or further details ring Cheryl Anderson on 01-930 5115 or write with c.v. to Education for Capability, RSA, 8 John Adam Street, London, WC2N 6EZ by Wednesday, 18 October 1989.

CAF

COMMUNITY TRUSTS
CENTRAL RESOURCES UNIT

INFORMATION OFFICER

Salary will be up to £12,000 pa

Community Trusts have been developing since 1984. The Central Resources Unit at the Charities Aid Foundation supports them.

This new position offers an opportunity to help establish and develop an information base for the Community Trust movement.

The successful candidate will be able to demonstrate an interest in research projects and good communicative skills, and will be able to work with little supervision within a small team.

Applicants should apply in writing for a job description to:

Kim Maxwell
Community Trust Manager
Charities Aid Foundation
18 Doughty Street
London WC1N 2PL

Closing date for applications: 18th October 1989.

NSPCC

The NSPCC helps and protects some 48,000 children each year. It's Child Care services have recently been expanded and are built around 66 Child Protection Teams with a budget of more than £18m in 1989/90.

The Society is committed to improving the planning and evaluation of these services in order to increase their effectiveness and achieve better value for money. As part of this initiative, a vacancy now exists in the Policy Development Department for a:-

PLANNING AND EVALUATION OFFICER

£16,557-£17,931 inc. (pay award pending)

Reporting to the Planning and Evaluation Manager, you will be responsible for the development and implementation of reliable management information systems in the Child Care Division and for a range of service evaluation projects. You will manage a small team of administrative support staff using micro-computer technology.

We need someone who is skilled in data handling and analysis and who has substantial experience in the development and application of survey research techniques in the field of personal services.

An ability to communicate and present information effectively and an innovative and creative approach to the use of evaluation methods in child care work is essential.

For an informal discussion, please contact Paul Richardson, on 01-242 1626 ext. 137. For an application form and written details contact: The Personnel Department, 67 Saffron Hill, London EC1N 8RS. Tel: 01-242 1626 ext. 147/120.
Closing date: 23rd October 1989.

THE NSPCC IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

SOCIAL WORK/ SOCIAL ADMINISTRATION

Applications are invited for an Associate Professorship of Social Theory and Institutions (Social Work and Administration).

The successful candidate, who will be appointed Head of the Social Work/Social Administration Unit, should have extensive experience in the areas of Social Work and/or Social Administration, educational expertise at a variety of levels of academic Social Work and/or Social Administration education, and the proven ability to undertake and promote research and curriculum development.

Salary scale: IR£28,704 - IR£33,724 p.a.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from the undersigned. Tel: (010-353-21) 276871, ext. 2364.

Latest date for receipt of completed applications is Friday 10th Nov. 1989.

M.F. Kelleher
Secretary

Colaiste na hOllscoile Corcaigh
University College Cork, Ireland

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RESETTLEMENT OFFICER

The Mungo Housing is a successful Housing Association working for London's single homeless people. Through our wide range of accommodation together with our resettlement and employment and training service we aim to optimise the potential of each resident.

We would like to appoint a Resettlement Officer to join our small professional team providing housing advice and resettlement services to residents of our hostels.

The person appointed will need to have:

★ Experience of working with homeless people
★ Experience of assessment and advice work
R Knowledge of housing issues as they affect this group
★ Ability to participate in training sessions
★ A full driving licence

Salary c. £12,500 p.a.

For more information contact Michael Toward, or for a job description and an application form ring Dawn Howe on 01-286 1358 or write to:

St Mungo Housing,
217 Harrow Road, London W2 5XQ
Closing date: October 27, 1989.

ST MUNGO HOUSING SMH

A BETTER LIFE FOR THE HOMELESS

ST. MUNGO IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

CWMBRAN CENTRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Appointment of:

DEPUTY GENERAL MANAGER

Applications are invited for the post of Deputy General Manager for the Cwmbran Centre for Young People. The successful applicant will be qualified and widely experienced in all aspects of youth work including first hand involvement in the operation of a major youth provision.

She/he must be able to demonstrate high level management and leadership skills and must be a fluent communicator in both the written and spoken word.

Further details and terms of condition of employment can be obtained from the undersigned. Applications must be received no later than October 30, 1989.

P A Framer, General Manager, Cwmbran Centre for Young People, Glyndwr Road, Cwmbran, Gwent NP44 1QS. Tel: 06333 75851.

We are an Equal Opportunities Employer

BREAKING BARRIERS

Whilst these posts are not exclusively reserved for people with disabilities, we positively welcome applications from them.

SOCIAL SERVICES

ANN TAYLER CENTRE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

NURSERY STAFF

Third-in-Charge (Scale 4)
£11,247-£12,180

Special Needs Workers (Scale 4)
£11,247-£12,180

Nursery Workers – Qualified (Scale 3)
£10,155-£10,896

Nursery Workers – Unqualified (Scale 2)
£9,360-£9,948

This is a new and exciting project which is jointly run by the Council and the local community sector. The nursery is a 50-place establisment which is accessible to children with disabilities and will be providing care and education within a multi-racial environment.

The nursery staff are mainline funded and there is a Management Committee involved in running the centre.

If you have experience of working in a multi-racial inner city area, adequate childcare experience and are full of enthusiasm and initiative to help provide a superior quality pre-school service that is non-discriminatory and positive for children of all races and background – you can apply for the above posts.

Third-In-Charge needs:
– a relevant qualification (SRN, SEN, NNEB, CSS, CQSW, CRCCYP etc.)
– Post-qualification experience in childcare.
– Senior Management experience
– Work in an inner city multi-racial area.
Ref: XR386

Special Needs Workers need:
– relevant training and/or qualification (SRN, SEN, EDUCATION, NNEB, CSS, CQSW, CRCCYP or equivalents)
– Experience of working with children with special needs and disabilities in a multi-racial area.
– ability to show sensitivity and support parents and staff
– ability to work in an anti-discriminatory way towards integrating these children positively into nursery activities.
– Flexibility to work in different groups and work settings in the nursery as part of a team.
Ref: XR387

Nursery Workers – (qualified) need:
– relevant childcare qualification (NNEB, CQSW, CSS, CRCCYP SRN, SEN etc.)
– experience in care and education of under fives and families in a multi-racial area.
– basic knowledge of care and Education of under fives.
Ref: XR388

Nursery Workers – (unqualified) need:
– Experience in working with under fives and families in a multi-racial setting.
– basic understanding of child development
– ability to help children learn through play
– Literacy skills to enable recording of information and progress reports.
Ref: XR389

All posts are required to demonstrate an understanding of the Council's Equal Opportunities Policy and how to implement within the context of the respective job descriptions.

Personnel Specifications will be sent out with job descriptions.

Interviews: week commencing 6th November, 1989.

Please quote appropriate reference.

Application forms from the Recruitment Office, Town Hall, Mare Street, London E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 5331 (24 hour answering service). Closing date for completed applications is 5 p.m. on the 20th October 1989 unless otherwise stated.

All applications for jobs are considered on merit, with equal opportunities for women, black and ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities. Job share applications are welcomed with or without a partner.

HACKNEY COUNCIL
Working for local people

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EDUCATION

LECTURER IN TRADE UNION EDUCATION

£8,481 to £15,369. Ref EH. 009

You will develop teaching material and teach on the following:
— TUC 10-day programme.
— TUC Short Course Programme — including Women's Bridging Courses and other provision to develop equal opportunities.
— YTS Trade Union Module.
— TUC Open School and Distance Learning.
— TUC Discussion Leaders Programme — including the development of membership education and work in schools.

You will be expected to take responsibility for organising the work of one of these areas. You must be committed to Trade Union membership, involved in your union and understand the contribution that activity student-centred teaching methods makes to this end. The department works in conjunction with the TUC Education Service.

Application forms and further details from Central Manchester College of Technology, Personnel Department, John Unsworth Building, Lower Hardman Street, Manchester M3 3ER, telephone 061-831 7791, extension 336, between 9 am and 3 pm. Closing date October 16, 1989.

Manchester City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer, and we positively welcome applications from women and men, regardless of their racial, ethnic or national origin, disability, age up to 65, sexuality or responsibilities for dependants

MANCHESTER City Council
Defending Jobs - Improving Services

CHRISTIANS ABROAD

seeks an

INFORMATION OFFICER - ETHIOPIA

To play a vital role in communication between Relief and Development projects in Ethiopia and Aid Agencies in Europe and N. America.

This 2 year post, funded by CAFOD and based in Addis Ababa, is with the Christian Relief & Development Association which co-ordinates the work of over 60 agencies in Ethiopia.

The successful candidate will have experience of working with an NGO in Europe or N. America and excellent communication skills. Experience in journalism and an interest in photography would be an advantage. He/she must have Christian commitment and is likely to be a single person aged 25 - 45 years.

Air fares and accommodation provided and a good tax-free Sterling salary. For details write enclosing a c.v. and sae to: Recruitment Secretary, Christians Abroad, 1 Stockwell Green, London SW9 9HP.

Conferences

BMA FRINGE MEETING at the Conservative Party Conference

BMA

An SOS for the NHS

Tuesday, October 10th 1989 at 12.45pm

Prince William Suite, Clifton Hotel, Talbot Square, Blackpool

Sandwiches and soft drinks will be available free of charge

Meetings

Talking trouble

hot news/cool arguments

New Statesman & Society returns to the ICA. Monday 16 October at 6.30

SARA PARKIN of the Green Party

Growing green

This evening will give you the opportuninity to debate with Sara Parkin and other politicians on the Greens, politics and economics.

Talking Trouble takes place on the third Monday of each month. Please see *New Statesman & Society*, or call the ICA box office one week in advance for programme information.

ICA Institute of Contemporary Arts, The Mall, London, SW1
Box Office: 01 930 0493

Courses

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER
Department of Psychiatry

Courses in Psychiatric Social Work

Applications are invited for:

1. Diploma in Psychiatric Social Work (CQSW)
   This one-year full time course in social work concentrates on the needs of mentally disordered and emotionally disturbed adults and children. Candidates should hold a degree or diploma in the social sciences, including social administration, and should have at least one year's experience of the practice of social work.
2. M.Sc. in Psychiatric Social Work (Post-qualifying)
   This course is based on social research (main component) and programmes of advanced psychiatric social work practice. It is intended for professionally qualified graduate social workers with two years' relevant experience since qualifying who wish to further their skills as researchers, educationists and practitioners. Preliminary courses of study and practice may be prescribed for candidates whose CQSW did not emphasis the psychiatric aspects of social work.

The CCETSW approves both courses and finances studentships.

For further information please send a 9" × 4" SAE to:
Miss M Hamilton (for the Diploma Course)
Miss RM Morrison (for the M.Sc. Course)
Department of Psychiatry, Williamson Building, University of Manchester, Oxford Road, Manchester, M13 9PL.

New Statesman and Society
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'NO APARTHEID EXECUTIONS' RALLY

Wednesday 11th October, 7 pm

Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, London NW1

Speakers: MRS LEAH TUTU
Audrey Coleman - Detainees Parents Support Committee
Save the Patriots representative
Garfield Davies – General Secretary of USDAW
Chair: Glenys Kinnock

Organised by Southern Africa the Imprisoned Society/AAM

Lectures

Raymond Williams Memorial Lecture
by Edward Said

"Geography, Narrative, Interpretation"

Jeffery Hall Institute of Education
20 Bedford Way WC1

on
10th October at 6.00 p.m.

Property File

Property Abroad

SHARED OWNERSHIP CONSORTIUM seeks three more members to buy in Burgundy. Telephone for details 01 311 7628 (24 hours).

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COME LIVE WITH ME and be my gardener, and I will my laughter and enthusiasm to share. A caring, sharing, born to win household of interesting women. Green currency negotiable Val, Welwyn Garden, 0707 328001.

To Let

HOUSESHARE: Non smokers to share comfortable 4 bedroomed house with two professional / academic women. Five minutes Clapham Common tube suit long term visitor £75 p.w. Tel: 01-622 9005.

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DOMESTIC INVESTMENT 3 hours video, containing full exotic Indian cookery plus inventive formula for perfection, £16.99. Also Indian cookery booklet, £1.50. Enquiries Box 259, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 8DR. Tel: 01 902 4443.

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SOUTHERN SPAIN self-contained apartment in old olive mill. 12 miles from coast. Beautiful and unspoilt. Tel: (0923) 857760.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA Small group - escorted tours; low cost flights, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. or telephone (01) 747-8315.

Employment Wanted

BRIGHT YOUNG THING with good writing, research, current affairs esp. Third World, NGO, wp experience, seeks freelance, part-time work as researcher/ assistant. Tel: 01-704 9191.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE list wants 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street. London SW13 9LR.

CHINA & Far East. 1,300 rare & o/p titles (history & politics). Catalogue from Oxus Books, 121 Astonville St, London SW18.

OUT OF PRINT books found, you name it! No search fee. No obligation. Andrew's Books, 28 Hamilton Road, Taunton, Somerset. TA1 2ER.

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also, review copies, Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

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THEOSOPHY - original Teachings by H.P. Blavatsky & W.Q. Judge. Meetings Sundays 8-9 pm. ULT, 62 Queens Gardens London W2 sae for booklist.

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preferably from other area, to act against fraudulent solicitor/ trustee in Gtr. Manchester. Legal Aid Certificate granted on appeal despite failure of police and Law Society to act on documentray proof of serious offences.

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HAMPTON COURT PALACE. Ancient Greece. Tapestries. Heraldry. Stately Homes. List available. Illustrated lectures by Department of Environment lecturer. 949-8987.

Heartsearch

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, professional, 48 yrs, seeks socialist male for fun, love and committment. Please write to Box (38) 835.

ASIAN MARRIAGE AND FRIENDSHIP BUREAU INTERNATIONAL welcomes non-Asians. Multiple advantage. Wider choice. DNSS, 181 Melton Road, Leicester. Phone 0533-610266.

FUN, FANTASY, FROLICS 'n' FRIENDSHIP! John seeks similarly uninhibited woman (20 - 40), open, warm, affectionate, considerate, imaginative, highly sensual, for exciting close friendship (possibly more ?). Young 40's, nonsmoker. London. Write to Box (38) 833.

Cleopatra met Clark Gable at
DRAWING DOWN THE MOON
THE THINKING PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY
01-937 8880/938 2151

LOVING, ROMANTIC WOMAN 50'S, big, bright and beautiful, wants Northeastern man for companionship, caring, conversation, travel and excursions - also good times at home. Please write to Box (38) 837.

RELAXED UNATTACHED MAN (41) enjoys outdoor pursuits, wine, music, Greece, conversation, seeks attractive none-smoking female 25 - 35 with similar interests for lasting relationship. Cumbria N. Lancs N. Yorks area. Photograph appreciated. Please reply Box (38) 838

VEGGY AND LONESOME? Wherever you are, ring 01-348 5229 (anytime).

HAPPY INDEPENDENT WOMAN seeks warm, well-balanced, unattached man (48 - 56) to share friends, books, theatre, films, walking, travel. Tallish, non-smoking, vegetarian O.N.O. Leicestershire. Please write to Box (38) 826.

CAREER WOMAN SOUGHT (any age; preferably child-free) for marriage with partial role-reversal, by man (38) who wants to give up his office job to work from home and enjoys most housework. Willing to relocate anywhere in the U.K., but as I don't drive urban locations with access to railway preferred. Box (37) 818.

MILLIONAIRE BUSINESSMAN, 42, tall dark and elegant seeks unattached unmarried mother under 40 (who prefers the older man as a lover) to share his life "in the fast track" and possibly share his luxury home. Must be sensuous and presentable. Photo if possible. Telephone number essential for initial contact. Please write to Box (39) 847.

ARE YOU A SEXY LADY under 52 who fancies a somewhat younger man as a lover? Tall dark and "almost but not quite" handsome man 42, successful, rich, fun loving who has a preferance for the older lady will love to hear from you. Photo if possible. Telephone number essential for initial contact. Please reply to Box (39) 850.

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

LIVELY WOMAN, early 40's more interested in personal growth than personal affluence, seeks a lively, non-smoking London-based man to share varied interests, including creative arts, music. Photo appreciated. Please write to Box (38) 829.

I'm 40, green, meditative, curious, seeking male co-parent 35+. Involvement/ relationship negotiable. Laughing, open, honest heart essential. Write to Box (40) 852.

WARM, VIBRANT, extremely attractive, professional, Gloucestershire lady, 44, who enjoys entertaining, travel, dining out, music, theatre etc, seeks attractive, well educated, considerate, financially sound gentleman, who is 44 - 55 and ready for committment, to share these pursuits and more. Please write Box (40) 853.

THOUGHTFUL, WARM, CARING MAN, 39, enjoys walking, cycling, swimming and fun with concerns for the earth seeks active, tall, creative woman for friendship and more. London pref. Replies to Box (40) 854.

38 MALE, NOT HANDSOME, not tall, active sense of humour, likes children; settling south of Manchester. Knows that women you are out there somewhere. Come in from the cold and contact Mike. Please reply to Box (40) 855.

VIKING, 43, University lecturer, bored with rape and pillage, seeks slim, long haired woman with a liking for Mozart, cats, children, wild flowers, cycling, breakfast in bed, forests, mountains and skiing. Photo please. York och Sverige. Please write to box (40) 856.

FEMALE, 45, WIDOW. Slim, attractive professional. Now ready and longing to love and laugh again. I'm looking for a caring man - who might like music, theatre and films - or might not. What's important is that he too be looking for a serious, committed relationship. All replies to Box (40) 857.

NATURAL FRIENDS, Britain's premier friendship service for intelligent, creative, 'green' minded people. Free details from:- NATURAL FRIENDS (NS), 15, BENYON GARDENS, CULFORD, SUFFOLK, IP28 6EA. (028484) -315.

MAN, 62, resident Central London, presentable, interested in theatre, music, countryside and much else seeks liaison with independently minded educated woman. Write Box (40) 858.

TALKERS. Where have they all gone? Literary intellectual, 50-ish, non-smoker, seeks woman who enjoys discussion about, e.g.: cinema, Antigone, Wotan, Clamence, Hillman... Please reply to Box (40) 859.

NW LONDON MAN, 38, caring and affectionate. Politically Left/Green. Satisfying work, friendships, interests. Seeks feminist for equal, committed relationship, sharing conversations, films, arts, radio, travel and massages. Please reply to Box (40) 560.

MAN, LONDON. Fortyish good natured, intelligent and unpretentious would like to meet similar woman. Replies to Box (39) 561.

ART RESTORER seeks warm man. Box (40) 561.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3097 Set by Tiny Tim
Verses by the current Poet Laureate (Ted Hughes), or previous incumbents, to commemorate the separation of Princess Anne and Mark Phillips. Please say who you're trying to parody. Entries to be in by 19 October.

No 3094 Set by P S Burton
Famous moments in British royal history as the *Independent* would have reported them.

Report by Ms de Meaner
Well done! Even Pascoe Polglaze sent in a winner. Well, two winners to be exact. In fact, it was the regulars who let me down this week. Will Bellenger sent in 200 words (yes, *200 words*) on the death of Mary Queen of Scots, resplendent with sentences like: "A spokesman for Queen Elizabeth announced that Queen Mary's cranium had been officially removed 'for her own safety and for the health of the nation'." But perhaps they don't read the *Independent* regularly enough to realise that feeble puns and deliberate Two Ronnies-type humour are not its usual house-style. Three quid for each winning entry.

c. 1020
An unconfirmed report, conveyed by runner and received today, states that the waves recently refused to obey King Canute's command to recede. No disciplinary action is expected to be taken against the elements involved.

Chas F Garvey

A visit by his Majesty the King to the Wessex coast yesterday was cut short by high tide, at the scheduled hour.

Ron Chatterjee

1170
The accidental murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury was "regrettable", said a Tower of London spokesperson yesterday. His Majesty the King plans to make a visit to the scene of the tragedy, the official added.

Tim Beecham

1215
His Majesty King John signed the Magna Carta yesterday at Runnymede, under duress. It transfers most of the privileges from His Majesty to the Nobility in perpetuity. The price of sack and hogshead pudden' is unaffected by the event.

Pascoe Polglaze

1327
The Palace yesterday announced that His Majesty, King Edward II, has died suddenly following a severe rectal inflammation. The Queen is being comforted by the Earl of March. A spokesman for *Grate Power*, the ironmongers, said last night, "Properly used, our products are altogether safe".

Charlene Croft

1478
The Duke of Clarence held a private Malmsey wine party yesterday. There were no survivors.

C Fever

1531
A royal spokesman confirmed yesterday that the marriage between Henry Tudor and Katharine of Aragon, reported 22 years ago, did not in fact take place.

Gavin J S Ross

1536
Queen Anne was executed privately at the Tower in the early hours of yesterday. The King, engaged in the hunt, was not available for comment.

Gina Williams

1649
The King's death took place yesterday, as arranged. Lieut. Gen. O Cromwell is now head of the Commonwealth.

David Heaton

King Charles was beheaded yesterday. There are no immediate plans to replace him with another member of the Stuart family, a parliamentary spokesman said.

Gerard Benson

1660
King Charles has returned home after a prolonged private visit to France and the Netherlands. Whitehall Palace confirmed last night that the King had no further plans for overseas visits in the near future.

Noel Petty

1936
Having announced his abdication as King of Great Britain and Ireland in a radio broadcast last night, the Duke of Windsor has left the country. He is understood to be travelling on the Continent. At her home near Paris, Mrs Wallis Simpson said that, as she had not heard the broadcast, she could not comment on its contents.

Margaret J Reeves

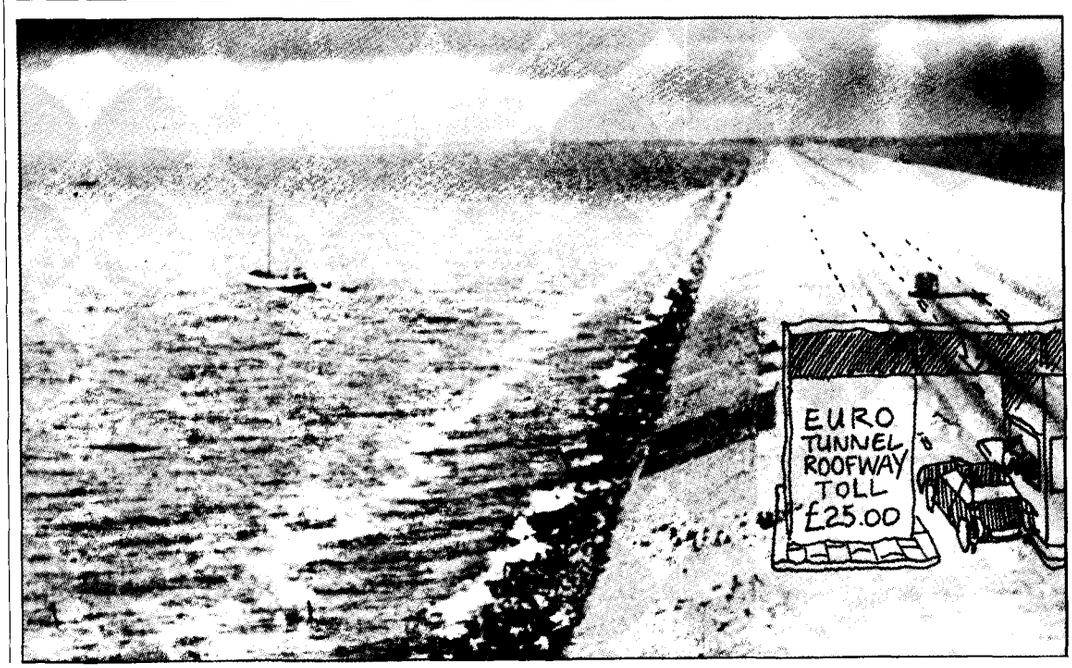
King Edward the Eighth abdicated last night, in a broadcast to the nation from Fort Belvedere. He said the love of a good woman was above price. He will cease to reside in Britain. Mr Baldwin and an official of the BBC, Mr Stuart Hibberd, were present during the broadcast.

Pascoe Polglaze

1953
Princess Elizabeth was crowned in a ceremony at Westminster Abbey yesterday. Afterwards, the new Queen returned to her London home at Buckingham Palace, SW1.

W P Grant

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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SALAMANCA

COLLINS THESAURUS

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Thesaurus in A-Z form* for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 153, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 30 October.

SALAMANCA 153: "Proverb"

The proverb consisting of two parts a & b affects certain answers which must be altered before entry in the grid to conform with it. The grid forms of these are clued subsidiarily.

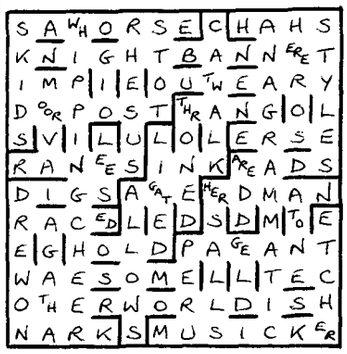
ACROSS

1. Sensitive plant: are intelligence men following leads in cases? (6)
6. Perform work, going round with the foreign dog (6)
10a Primitive weapon worth tossing (10)
12. Assault in a way that's both square and round? (5)
13b Shapely tuber, variety of peony in order that's old (12)
14. Former estimate of worth applied to coach one time (5)
15. Something for the reader to argue about? (5)
16a It may cause one to fidget and finally take out ulster? (10)
18. Sold —, consisting of odd lies etc., evil? (6)
20. Ten (in Greek) consisting of one zero and with it, one (4)
21. "My God..." encountered in turn in violent setting (4)
23. Pound wrote a few difficult to scan (6)
25a Such reckless fellows strain parts (10)
27a Larkspur found in square field, say? (10)
30. See a water-course, short one (5)
31b Simple females, say, new in untamed rustic glory (2 words, 12)
32. Biblical "teacher": hard to see you turning to him? (5)
33. "Exterminator" you see appearing in a tick, when going back (—in time) (5)
34. A leery temp is careless: what she'll do, with a smile, say? (6)
35. Said to frighten fool carrying fish (6)

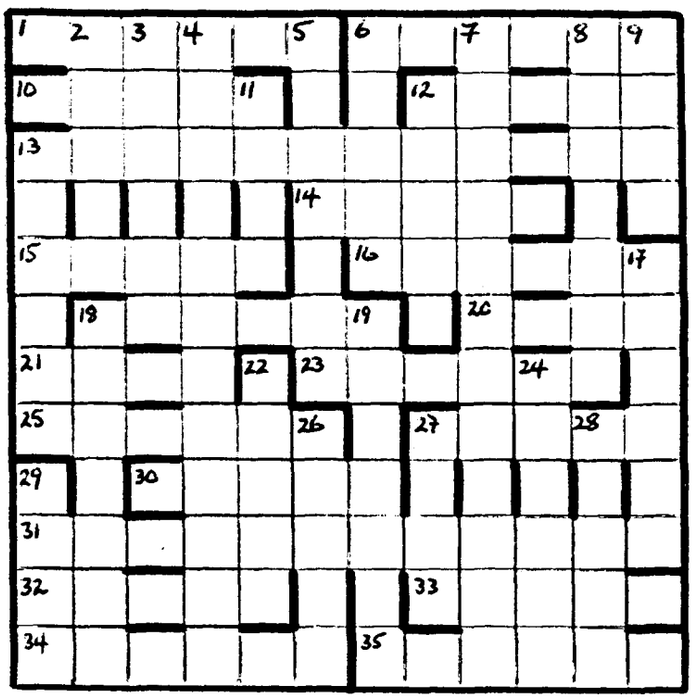
DOWN

2a Old cheats becoming rich with first of swindles (9)
3. Sandstone round edge of kame a pink colour (6)
4b Obligatory marriage of Baron (posh old townie) in company with "pretty" girl? (12)
5. Risqué sound with no beginning or end, not periodic (7)
6. They should be insects with pendant beginning aloft over water (5)
7b At start of onset Attila (and train) on the rampage, unopposed? (12)
8. Such players do enter tournaments? (7)
9a Sort of horse you'd find the Queen riding (9) . . .
11. . . . used to be little, carrying Queen (4)
12. The devil darts towards heaven abandoning women? (5)
13. One shouldn't consume alcohol at the club? (6)
17. Streak off with their spoils, they might (6)
18b Thief you see breaking into aircraft with no crew about? (7)
19b Long-stemmed glass with tag round breadth (7)
22. Cox, perhaps, going "in-out" an unlimited number of times? (5)
24. Spots of colour appearing on old battery (electric current producing) (6)
26. Always when getting up in the east you'ld put one on? (5)
27. Red stone, dark-coloured, worn by King (4)
28. Word-lister? The pieces *he* got together? (5)
29. Trees found growing in open space rarely (4)

Solution to Salamanca 151



Prizewinners:
V Edkins, Colchester
J Walton, Epsom
R Whetton, Cheshire



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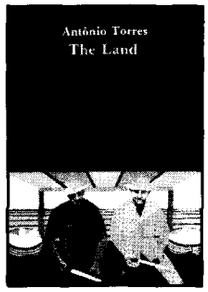
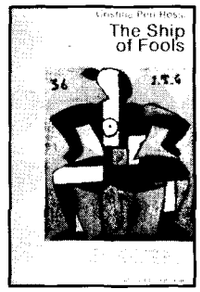


The Land (025) by Antônio Torres, **Brazil**
'Tears at you like an early Buñuel movie' *The Observer*
'Lyrically haunting' *Punch*



The Ship of Fools (054) by Cristina Peri Rossi, **Uruguay**
'Zany humor plus sexual and political insight' *Beryl Bainbridge*

A Funny Dirty Little War (018) by Osvaldo Soriano, **Argentina**
'Soriano's is a style of brutal efficiency' John Updike in *The New Yorker*

●**Fact:** Fewer than 1% of literary titles published each year in English come from outside the developed West. (British Library)

●**Fact:** Some 70% of American authors write in Spanish or Portuguese.

●**Fact:** It took a subsidy to translate even Nobel laureate García Márquez' *One Hundred Years of Solitude* into English.

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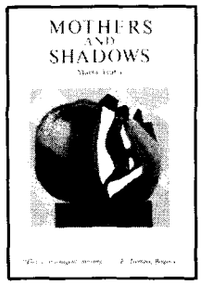
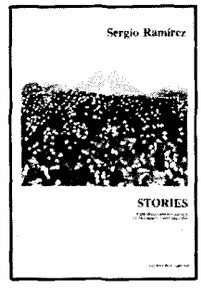
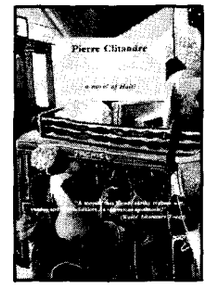


Mothers and Shadows (016) by Marta Traba, **Colombia**
'Remarkable contribution to new writing by women in Latin America' *Village Voice*



Stories (029) by Sergio Ramírez, **Nicaragua**
'Biting and satirical' *N Y Times*
'Fun to read, difficult to forget' *South*



Cathedral of the August Heat (031) by Pierre Clitandre, **Haiti**
'Expresses the collective consciousness of Haiti's poorest' *NYTimes Bk Rev*

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